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SECOND SERIES! TRAIN'S UNION SPEECHES! SECOND SERIES! ARE IN THIS VOLUME.

TRAIN'S UNION SPEECHES.

"SECOND SERIES!"

DELIVERED IN

England During the Present American War.

BY

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
OF BOSTON, UNITED STATES.

From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

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"SECOND SERIES."

DELIVERED IN ENGLAND

DURING THE PRESENT

AMERICAN WAR.

BY

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

OF BOSTON, UNITED STATES.

The profits on the sale of this book, are to be devoted to the establishing of the "London American," the only American Organ in Europe. It is a newspaper pledged to support the Laws and the Constitution of the United States, and has already done the Country good service during this ungodly Rebellion, in upholding the honor of the Federal Flag.

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"SECOND SERIES."

A YANKEE BULL IN AN ENGLISH CHINA SHOP.

IS TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION ROBBERY?

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON ENGLAND AND TAXATION.

[*From the London American of June 25th*, 1862.]

If we may judge from the energy of some of Mr. Train's late speeches—and he has been at it every night for months—the lawyers and the judges have not crushed all the life out of him. If Mr. Train talks too plainly, and uses metaphors and unwished-for truths, the debaters in the discussion halls should reply to his arguments point by point. If they do not, he will be entitled to the champion's belt—for all admit that in his case the ropes were cut. His adversaries admit that they cannot but admire his pluck, even though they may condemn his zeal. We continue to report Mr. Train's speeches, because many have subscribed for the "London American" in order to get them—and as these speeches are copied throughout the North and West, we feel justified in catering to the wishes of our readers. His speech on Mr. Russell appeared entire in many of the leading American journals. His speech in defence of Ireland and the Irish appeared in nearly all the Irish journals, and we make our acknowledgments for copying from our columns.

The following speech made on Wednesday night, shows no loss of vigor or resources:—

Mr. Train (who arrived late, and was loudly cheered,) asked, *Is Taxation without Representation Robbery?* I believe it is. (Hear.) And I intend to prove that the epigram was coined originally for England. Its application is perfect—Lord Camden was its author—America put it into practice—Englishmen adopted it—George the Third was forced to admit it—and for generations the phrase has laid fallow—and generally applied to America. So many Englishmen have been cutting-up America, inch by inch—(oh, and hear)—so many English writers have been engaged to show up the Americans—I take much pleasure in volunteering my services to examine a little into English life and actions. (Cheers.) To do it well you must give me full swing—keep your temper—(laughter)—remember that I am invited to speak—that I never allow any one to muzzle me—that if I am wrong the house is full of clever debaters anxious to put me right. (Hear, and cheers.) Therefore you must not flinch under the argument that I shall make, in order to prove that England has taxation, but no representation—hence the robbery. (Hear.) I may also mention that in future, Americans intend to send their Dickenses, and Marryats, and Trollopes to England, and rip up all the old vices they can find—(oh)—in return for England's kindness during the last half-a-hundred years, in caricaturing Americans and predicting the bursting of the Republican bubble. (Hear.) Thank God, America is emancipated from England, and intends now to turn the tables and patronize England as England formerly patronized America. (Cheers and laughter.) Now, gentlemen, are you prepared for some startling truths about England? (Yes, and hear.) What are the qualifications for electors?—A ten-pound rating; if less, you can only vote for municipal affairs. Hence the qualification for a vote is not morality—not intellect—not industry—not mind—but the difference between ten pounds and five. You may be a schoolmaster—a clergyman—a professor at Oxford—but unless you are a ten-pounder you are classed with the Mob. And is it true that these ten-pounders are bought and sold at the hustings? (No, and Yes, and some confusion.) Can it be possi-

ble that there are only one million of Electors out of seven million able-bodied men in the empire? If true, then you must admit that you are burdened with taxes not levied by yourselves. Hence *Taxation without Representation is Robbery.* (Cheers and dissent.) Those six millions of men represent twenty-four millions of people, who have no representation whatever in the Lords or the Commons. (Oh! and hear.) Again, two-thirds of the House of Commons is actually the House of Lords. (Hear.) The members are uncles, or brothers, or nephews, or sons, or connected by marriage with the Peers—(hear, hear)—and there are so many members connected with the Army and Navy, that when they vote supplies they actually vote their own salaries. (Hear and laughter.) "I spoke to fifteen hundred people last night in Spurgeon's old chapel," I remarked to one of the Governing classes, "and they were all cheering for the people's carriage." "Ah, yes, Mr. Train," he replied "but you forget that you are in England—not in America. Here the people have no power; you have made a great mistake in joining them." "But," I replied, "my audience was most respectable." "True, but the *Mob* is powerless," he continued. Again I pleaded your cause, and again he answered with a sneer, "You are going all wrong; you mistake if you think the *Mob* has any power to assist you." This is a fair specimen of the language that grates upon my ear in the higher walks of life. An audience like this, or even five thousand properly-behaved men at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, are called the *Mob.* The *Times* usually remarks, when speaking of his speeches, that Mr. Bright addressed the *Mob* at Birmingham—or Mr. So-and-So the mob at Manchester. Now, who compose this *Mob?* Go into the theatre and notice the two rows of stalls and the boxes, where the Lord's annointed sit in their opera costume—perhaps two hundred persons. The balance—the pit, the gallery, tier above tier, some two thousand, is called the *Mob!* (No, and hear.) Did you ever see an opera-glass from the dress-circle pointed at the pit or gallery? (No.) The governing classes are too much occupied at gazing at their own order to think of the people. The politeness of the guard is addressed to the first-class passengers, not to the second or the third. He has no courtesies for the *Mob.* The servant hears the word so often repeated he learns it by heart, and is the loudest in shouting against the *Mob*—and he, too, will tell you that the people are nobody. Toadyism in England is the rule—in America the exception. (Hear, hear.) What are your taxes? I asked the other night, when lecturing to the Lambeth working-men. Seventy millions! How much for the national debt? Twenty-eight millions. Have you any consols, sir? No. Have you in the gallery? No. Have you, sir, any interest in the national debt? No. How very odd. Do you know any working-men who have? No. Then why do you pay the interest on this incubus that weighs you down, when those few who receive it call you the Mob? (True, and hear.) Do you know how few receive this £28,000,000? Not *three hundred thousand persons.* This interest, which you help to pay, allows the class above you to block all the gates of justice against you—allows them to drive elegant carriages, and live in palatial clubs, and call you the *Mob.* (No, and hear.) The people they tell me are nobody. They all run at the appearance of a policeman, and one soldier will frighten ten thousand of the *Mob.* The people, they say, are the first to sell each other. I am telling you these things in confidence. (Laughter.) *If true, Taxation without Representation* destroys Liberty. (Hear.) There was more freedom in the feudal times than now. Then the feudal barons armed their retainers at their own expense. Now the feudal lords lay the burden upon the back of the people. (Hear.) Then the feudal barons waged short wars for want of resources—now, by a paper system based on a national debt, they can squeeze the interest out of the people's gains. (That's so.) Then they pawned the Crown jewels and the Crown lands for money to carry on the war—now they pawn the liberties of the working classes, and their success has stupified the mind of man. Gold became scarce—paper plenty—the national debt was turned into a gold mine. (Hear.) Lamp-black—white paper and a minister's signature—and lo! *Eight hundred millions of debt!* The annual interest extracted out of the British people amounts to one-fourth of the entire American debt. And yet you are always saying that we shall burst up next mail. (Laughter.)

"Great men have always scorned great recompences,
Epaminondas saved his Thebes and died,
Not leaving even his funeral expenses;
George Washington had thanks and nought beside,
Except the all cloudless glory (which all men's is),
To free his country; Pitt, too, had his pride,
And as a high-souled Minister of State, is
Renowned for ruining Great Britain gratis!"

The security of this debt is based on the Revenue of the State—that failing the bonds are worthless. This year the Customs Revenue alone will fall off some millions in tobacco—(hear)—and the Income Revenue many more in cotton. The debt is good so long as the people pay the taxes. That failing the bonds are worthless and their owners ruined. Hence the people—the working classes—keep the governing classes afloat by continuing to pay interest on a debt that only the firmer tends to bind the manacles about the necks of the people. (Oh.) The working classes pay and seem

contented by being called the *Mob* by those they support. This cannot last. *The times are changing!* and look out that the people don't discover that Taxation without Representation is Robbery. (Hear.) Is England only a pasturage for the aristocracy? Have the people really no voice in the Privy Council? Are there no other statesmen in England capable of the management of affairs but Earl Russell, or Lord Palmerston, or Lord Derby? Do these leaders, representing different parties, conspire together against the sacred rights of the working classes? These classes have helped to pay one hundred millions in one hundred years for one family. The aristocracy disbursed the money—was any of it paid to promote emigration? to benefit the poor? Was any of it voted to promote the education of the working classes? or give them moral or religious advice? The Crown enjoys privacy—the Minister holds the keys of the treasury, and all these lords and ladies are paid out of the Civil List. The Peerage and the Church are the life arteries of the monarchy. The Civil List is the bank where the working classes deposit their hard-earned gains in order that the aristocracy may cheque upon it without limit. We still live in feudal times. The curfew still rings to the death-knell of the people. Kings cannot live without a priesthood and a great aristocratic class to assist them in keeping down the Mob. Debts and taxes and pauperism are the legitimate heirs of kings and nobles and priests. The Republican bubble, you say, has burst. When will the monarchical bubble break up? When the working classes discover that Taxation without Representation is Robbery! Your monarchical Crown and Court and Cabinet cost you six hundred thousand pounds a year. Our unostentatious President and ministers cost twenty thousand pounds! Would you like to know what this pomp and horse-guard show has cost England since George the Third put on the crown till now? Don't start when I tell you that it is over *one hundred millions sterling*—more than a million a year? and this for only one family, and a family not allowed to marry in England! Does much of this great sum go to push up the little thrones of the thousand German princes who marry the royal heiresses of England? (Hisses.) Approve or disapprove as you will—I take the affirmative—others the negative. (Applause.) It is only a debate in which we use statistics, intellect, and pluck. (Laughter and cheers.) The aristocracy and shopocracy live upon the people. The working classes of England have made her what she is. (Cheers.) They pay the bills—they do the labor—they bear the burden—and in return for doing all this, the governing classes wave the English flag before their joyful eyes—point to the British lion, and raise more taxes to pay contracts for their own order, and send soldiers to fight against the Americans, who are nothing more than Englishmen who fought and obtained the right of governing themselves. (Cheers.) In return for the worship and admiration the working men bestow upon their masters, the aristocracy give them the great boon of organizing themselves into a Great Union workhouse for the support of the upper Ten Thousand. The working classes bear the burden, and, in payment for their services, are called *the Mob*. Butler was an English poet. How well he tells the terrible truth

'Tis they ma'ntain the Church and State, employ the priest and magistrate,
Bear all the charge of Government, and pay the public fines and rent:
Defray all taxes and excises, and impositions of all prices;
Bear all the expense of peace and war, and pay the pulpit and the bar:
Maintain all churches and religions, and give their pastor's Exhibitions!

(Laughter and cheers). Yes, you pay the interest, and they hold the bonds. Has the debt done anything for the working men? This debt is used to break your love of liberty; and generations of oppression have made you forgetful of the rights of man. Only think of it—not *three hundred thousand people* hold all the Consols and Funded Debt of England! and none of these belong to the working classes, who are made to pay the interest on that which never benefited them. This debt furnishes the means to pay soldiers to shoot you down, if you dare to say you are not the Mob—or demand your rights! A friend of mine—an Englishman—sings a song called Happy Land, wherein he shows that *Britons never will be slaves*. (Applause). If they submit to taxation without representation, they never will be anything else. (Hear.) What have you to do with the wars of the Georges?—or the Tudors?—or the Plantagenets? This incubus of debt that bears you down you did not incur—nor your fathers. The debt was raised by the fathers of the class that call you the Mob—as their fathers called your fathers the Mob before, and their sons will call your sons the Mob, unless you find out that *Taxation without Representation is Robbery*. (Cheers, mingled with dissent.) You dissent. Let me ask, How much do you pay for the army and navy this year? *Thirty millions*. Have you any friends in the service? No. Have you, Mr. Chairman? No. Have you, there, below the gangway? No. Are you sure that none of the working men have any of the contracts? No. Then why do you pay the bills? Why submit? Thirty millions, and twenty-eight more on the debt, make fifty-eight millions of the seventy. This leaves out the civil service. How much is that? One thousand placemen receiving one thous

and pounds each? There are some thirty thousand more placemen in England, and you contribute some four millions sterling to their support. No wonder they call you the Mob! Are any of your friends employed? No, indeed. Are you aware that you have paid four hundred millions for the army and navy during the last twenty years? Did you know that the estimates have doubled during the last ten years? You must then acknowledge that Taxation without Representation is Robbery. It is generous in you not to complain. Englishmen never grumble. (Laughter.) The wild deer herd together at the approach of the huntsman. The sheep gather in flocks when the wolves howl. Why, should not the working classes follow the instincts of the lower animals, and stand side by side when their rulers combine against their liberties. The conspiracy is general and gigantic. The aristocracy use the shopocracy as the weapon with which they destroy the individuality and independence of the millions. It is cleverly done; you manage these things well. (Applause.) The middle classes are ever ready to join the robles, and call the people *the Mob!* Talk with any so-called gentleman, retired tradesman, or manufacturer, and he will tell you the people are nobody—never heed the Mob. (Dissent.) *Taxation without Representation is Robbery.* Working men are not all the fools you would make them. I asked a working man the other day what he thought of national glory. Here is his apostrophe England!—"Thou who professest to be the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley; who vaunteth thy piety and humanity at the corners of the streets, and sendeth forth thy armies to murder and plunder unarmed thousands, rendering thy daughters widows and thy children fatherless, and making waste that which the Almighty has given thee!" (Hear, hisses, and cheers.) England! Mighty England! Thou who professest to be the prince of honesty and the balance of equity; who, by force of arms and deception, robbed the Hindoo of his domains, the New Zealander of his possessions, and sown the seeds of rancour and hate and envy among thy people against thy blood-relations in America! (No, and "That's so.") And with thy hypocrisy would rivet the shackles on the negro, and rob the slave of his birthright. Thy policy is before Him that judgeth righteously, who will weigh thee in the balance and find thee wanting in humanity, in honesty, in justice, and equity, and for thy iniquity will spue thee out of His mouth, and make it more horrible for thee on the last day than those of Sodom and Gomorrah! (Oh, and laughter.) And so long as we, the working classes, continue to remain the jackals of this rampant lion and find the means to pay the interest on that great debt that has never added to our prosperity, and each year treads us the deeper into the slough of Ignorance and Despondency, so long shall we be considered nobody in the land—holding no power—spit upon, sneered at, despised, and called the Mob. (Cheers from working men—and hisses from the middle classes.) The governing classes so far have played their cards well. We have in America three hundred and fifty thousand slave-owners who have ground down millions of Africans. You have three hundred thousand owners of the national debt that also have crushed the liberty out of millions of Europeans, (Oh, and a hiss.) You may hiss, but let me tell you the distance between the working classes and the aristocracy is far greater than between the African slave and the American slave-owner. (Applause, and no.) This arises from the curse of your national debt and making *Taxation without Representation Robbery*. When an individual becomes insolvent, a bank fails, or a firm is bankrupt, a compromise is made with the creditors—if only a shilling, a settlement is made. Why not apply the rule to the national debt? You who have a few crown jewels and crown lands which would realize, perhaps, a sixpence in the pound. (Laughter and oh). Why not wipe off the debt? The nation has been bankrupt for years. (Oh, and dissent.) So much accommodation has been resorted to to keep up the nation's credit, I am told, that it has raised the price of paper. (Oh, and laughter.—A voice: better than repudiating.) Mr. Tyas says, better than repudiating. Exactly—and I am glad to remind him that there is but one nation on the earth's surface that ever was honest enough to pay off its national debt—and that nation was America! (Loud shouts of derisive laughter.) Gentlemen, I challenge you to deny that our people did not, three years ago, redeem the last of our national debt at the enormous premium of 11G. (Loud cheers and signs of assent.) To-day our one hundred millions for this war stands at Six premium, while your funds remain at Six discount. (Applause.) Let Napoleon give one sneeze, and Consols will drop to Forty. (Oh, and laughter.) The only way England has kept up appearances in her credit is by quietly consenting to become a province of France—(No, and dissent)—and by sending her ships all over the world, as Holloway does his pills. (Laughter.) No wonder the dark-colored natives are taken-in—no wonder they magnify England's greatness. When they see your great ships on their shores, what a wonderful power, they say, must that be that can afford to spend so many millions in advertising! (Loud laughter and cheers.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON THE AMERICAN NAVY.

[*Fom the London American, of June* 25, 1862.

We believe the time has arrived in the history of nations for America to demand her proper position in the world; and we cordially agree with Mr. Train that the shortest way to arrive at that independent position is again to copy England, and have the largest navy afloat for the forthcoming struggle for the mastery of the seas.

Mr. Train: *America must be the only First-class Power in the World.* Our Parrot guns are superior to those of Napoleon. Hurrah for Parrot! Our Dahlgren guns beat Armstrong, and throw Blakely into the shade. Hurrah for Dahlgren! James's projectiles and Sharp's rifles are both American institutions. Hurrah for the American navy—hurrah! The navy of Europe is an ark. The Monitor and the Steven's Battery could destroy it in less than forty days. (Oh, and laughter.) *Why have we not been a first-rate power?* Because we had no navy. But the times are changing—a year since our navy was a ghost—now it is a well-organised skeleton. Let Citizen Lincoln hurry up its iron flesh, its steel sinews, and put life into it in the shape of steam. (Cheers.) We must have a navy larger than England, larger than France, never mind the expense. We, *the people*, pay the bills. (Hear.) Nations are powerful in proportion to their navies. (Hear.) Peter the Great was a ship builder, his power was based upon his navy. Genoa was prosperous with a navy, so was Venice, Holland, and Portugal. They lost their power when they lost their navies. Who once owned South America, Mexico, Louisiana, Florida, and Gibraltar? — Spain. The Spanish Armada was sunk, and Spain lost her colonies when she lost her navy! Napoleon sighed for a navy—France wanted ships, commerce, and colonies and organized armies. England had ships, colonies, commerce and organized navies. Nelson won the Nile's battle and Napoleon lost Egypt. Napoleon lost Trafalgar and Wellington gained Waterloo. The Third Napoleon saw his uncle's mistake, and slowly and surely has built a monster navy.

America must be the First Naval Power in the World. England has become insolent, arrogant, and cowardly insulting through her navy. (No.) She has controlled the world's commerce. How? By her navy. England has no army of importance, but has domineered over all nations with her navy. A few months ago she sent her squadrons to destroy our empire. (Shame.) *Americans will never forget it.* (Hear.) England's bulwark was her navy, her tower her men of war. Cromwell's Navigation Laws have always been cherished by England's monarchs—the Stuarts, the Tudors, the Georges, and the Victorias. (Cheers.) If History is Philosophy teaching by example, Americans are philosophers. The irrepressible conflict is close at hand—the battle prize is the dominion of the universal ocean. Our Drakes, Duncans, Jervises, Collingwoods and Nelsons are all still alive. Yours are dead. Monuments never fight. Live men compose our navy. Our Duponts, and Porters, and Wordens, and Farragutt are worthy successors of our Decaturs, Paul Jones, Bainbridges, Lawrences, Perrys and Porters. (Cheers.) Hurrah for the American navy. A change is on the world—America has toadied England long enough—our people, thank God, at last are emancipated. England can no longer irritate us. Hail to our gallant navy! *Our people must pass a law compelling every merchant ship to take from five to ten apprentices.* Let them wear the navy buttons, the captain must be responsible and the shipowner must pay the bills. We want a *militia of the seas.* (Cheers.) Our sailors must be on the ocean what our volunteers are on the land. *We must have a navy* Our improvised gunboats have earned, in co-operation with the army of the Constitution, immortal fame. Who won laurels at Fort Henry? — the Gunboats. Who at Fort Donelson?—the Gunboats. Who captured the islands on the Great River?—our Gunboats? Who gave victory to our arms at Pittsburg Landing?—our gallant Gunboats. (Cheers.) Who captured Macon, Roanoke, Pulaski?—our Gunboats, And who, pray, took New Orleans?—I answer, our unconquerable Gunboats. Vicksburg fell, Natchez capitulated, and Memphis surrendered to our navy! Our sailors are as brave as our soldiers are bold. Our gunboats are manned by regiments of Casibiancas! Long ere this our gunboats have battered down treason in Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston. (Cheers.) America is emancipated. England is not our mother, America has passed out of leading strings. Cut the connecting link of the gunboat canal through from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Make a passage along the Lakes, and do it at once. *The people pay the bills.* Cut another canal to connect the rivers with New Orleans *via* Carolina, and

let our gunboats have a race course inside our empire. (Cheers.) The people of America never call each other the mob. (Cheers.) *It is not allowed.* Some day the people here will not permit the London *Times* to call them the mob. (Shame, and hear.) We want two hundred more Galenas, Naugatucks, Ironsides, and Monitors. We have now fifty, and must now have one hundred thousand sailors to compose our *militia of the seas.* Englishmen you have lost a great opportunity. We proffered friendship. You declined. You thought we were on our deathbed, and you crept into our room in the dark; but the dagger was withheld—when the rebels were given up. Iago was a contemptible character. We are well now—we look you in the face—and you are ashamed. Your abolition sentiments were too base to be called by the more Christian name of hypocrisy. You preached abolition because you thought that was the bone of contention that would ruin our Republic. (Oh, and hisses.) We have discovered how dishonest has been your action. You have played a deep game, but we have caught you packing the cards. (Oh,) You knew the dice were loaded. You put the poison into the cup, and administered with your own hands the dose. (No.) We saw you in the glass when your back was turned. (Applause.) But our constitution was more than equal to the shock.

America must have a navy. We have scores of admirals, and fisherman are grand material for sailors. (Hear.) Already our navy, our little six months' improvised navy, has accomplished wonders. The cotton lords will now admit that our blockade has been effectual. The British ministers do not call it now a paper blockade. Ask the Joint stock Buccaneering firm of Prieleau, Treason and England, if the blockade was effectual. Our action has been short, sharp, and surprising. Our gallant navy has lately taken *one hundred and sixty-seven pirates.* (Oh, and doubted.) The gentleman doubts it. I have the statement:—12 *steamers*, 9 *ships*, 10 *propellers*, 13 *barks*, 11 *sloops*, *and* 112 *schooners*, (cheers,) valued at some fifteen millions of dollars. The pirate firm must be bankrupt since the capture of the steamships Patras, Circassian, Bermuda, Nassau, Cambria, and Stettin. (Applause.) Those steamers have changed hands. The battle of the seas must be fought over; we have already had too many words; we must come to blows. (Hear.) We have toadied you long enough, you must now follow our example. Earl Russel says we are fighting for empire. He is right—the empire of the seas! Once you kept us always in a fever, now we intend to make you sleep restless. Once you were our superiors, now we are yours. (Oh, and cheers.) Once we thought you were great, fair, honest—now we see through your disguise. Providence smiles lovingly upon its chosen people, but frowns upon other lands. I see no sunshine to-day in this hemisphere. England is short of corn, short of cotton, and there is a famine of liberty in the land. (Hear.) All looks dark and gloomy in Europe, all looks happy and joyous in America. How Russia shakes with the upheaving masses whose liberation has startled the nobles from their slumbers! How Italy trembles under the cries of subdued revolution! How Germany quivers with the underground swell of Democracy! (Hear.) And France, too, and China, with Tartars waging war with Taepings, and Turks measuring arms with Montenegrins, while America cheers lustily for liberty, self-confident that she possesses the largest head and the best quality of brain in the Phrenology of nations. (Loud cheers and applause.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON ENGLAND'S NEUTRALITY! AND GENERAL BUTLER'S PROCLAMATION.

[*From the London American of June* 18, 1862.]

ENGLISH NEUTRALITY.

Mr. Train—Neutrality signifies weakness. All small minds hesitate. Lack of decision shows lack of power. Generals who win battles are not neutral men. Neutrality on the American rebellion is taking sides in disguise. The man who is soft on the American question is soft on all questions. I despise soft Americans as well as soft Englishmen. It is impossible for an honest man to be neutral. (Cheers.) He who is not for me is against me. The Indian Thug is remarkable for his neutrality until his garotte is round your neck. The Camanche chief is a neutral to your face, while his

scalping knife sleeps in his belt. Dumollard, the French murderer, was a neutral before he destroyed his victims. There is no halfway between a patriot and a traitor. The woman who permits the least familiarity has already lost the foundation of her virtue. (Loud applause.)—Let her remain neutral in the presence of the libertine and she is lost. The young man counting his employer's money must not be a neutral—if he does not wish to end his life upon the gallows. The coat I have made fits exactly the neutral bankers and leading Americans abroad—who are waiting for victories before hoisting Secession or Union Flags. (Shame.) The garment is not out of place on England's back. Neutrality in England is treachery. (Oh.) Americans say, England, with all thy faults, we love thee still! —Englishmen say, America, with all thy virtues, we continue to hate thee. (No, and hear, hear.) Strong men choose sides—weak men are always neutral; once an idiot —always an idiot. (Laughter.) The world is packed with fools. (Oh, and laughter.) Neutrality is imbecility. No man can serve two masters. He must either love the one and hate the other, or hate the one and love the other. Our Saviour was not a neutral. England for three generations has been unjust to America. He that is unjust in little is unjust in much. The maxim comes from an ancient and respectable authority. (Hear, hear.) Unjust in small matters for half a century, England was just ripe for being unjust in great matters during our revolution. Neutrality is disguise—assassins are neutral before they use the poignard. The tiger in the jungle is a neutral before he plunges on his victim. When you wish to destroy an enemy, you first conceal your plan Error and injustice are neutral before becoming arrogant and impudent. (Hear.)

GENERAL BUTLER'S PROCLAMATION.

A love of fault-finding is no proof of wisdom. Your criticisms on General Butler's proclamation are as just as your pretended love for America is honest. Critics, says Wycherley, are like thieves who, condemned to execution, choose the business of executioners rather than be hung. (Oh! and hear.) Your distortion of the New Orleans proclamation is worthy of the people that were abolitionists when they thought, by preaching that doctrine, they could break up our Republic—and pro-slavery advocates when they believed that we should preserve the Union. (No.) The proclamation you have dishonestly translated. Do you mean to say that you believe General Butler issued the order for immoral purposes? (No, and Yes.) Do you really understand its wording to signify that unbridled licence was given to the Federal army? The very idea is contrary to the instincts of our nature—(hear)—insulting to the American people, and outraging the senses of our race. (Applause.) You give the order a meaning never intended. It was unfortunately worded, but the spirit of the order was a proper one. (Oh.) Ladies hold the remedy. Let them remain in doors—let them behave like women, not like human tigresses. The terrible slaughter of our soldiers will some day lay heavy upon their consciences. Women who go out of their way to insult Federal officers who have treated them with every courtesy, by pouring hot water out of their windows when they pass, or throwing vitriol in their face on the pave—(oh!)—or so far unsexing themselves as to strike an officer, ought not to object, when martial law is ordered, to proclamations that enforce civility where rudeness was so marked. The municipal law permits no disorder in the street. Women breaking it are sent to the Calaboose. That is the terrible order, nothing more—nothing less—that arouses England and provokes this debate. Lord Palmerston takes advantage of it to have another fling at the Americans, and Gregory and Walsh are mad with delight. Lord Carnarvon also brings out Earl Russell, and all the newspapers clap their hands in joy—and you, gentlemen, echo the sentiment of the land. Do you remember a picture in the *Illustrated News* during the Sepoy revolution? I do—and three features were prominent—cannon—English officers, and Sepoy messengers bearing a flag of truce. (Hear.) The picture has another side—the officers consult—the Sepoys are bound on to the muzzle of the guns—and, with their flag of truce tied around, they were blown towards the camp from whence they came. (Horrible—shame.) Did Mr. Seward get up in his place in the Senate Chamber, and protest against it in the name of humanity? The atrocities of your soldiers in India were only equalled in their brutality by Nena Sahib himself. (Oh.) When a British officer enters a Sepoy village and gives the order to his regiment to ravish the Sepoy women, and then level their houses to the earth, humanity shudders for civilization. Compared with such fiends, General Butler is a scholar, a gentleman and a Christian. How forgetful of the rights of civilization, for our statesmen to remain silent without recording their indignation at such brutal acts! (Dissent.) England must feel proud of those Christian officers, and no wonder she is indignant at Butler. (Hear.) Have you forgotten the Siege of

Limerick? Is it true that Englishmen ravished the women before butchering the garrison and burning the town? Do you remember the cold-blooded slaughter of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, under the same dynasty? Verily, what a man was Lord Byron:—

> You are the best of cutthroats! Do not start?
> The phrase is Shakspeare's, and not misapplied:
> War's a brain spattering—windpipe-slitting art,
> *Unless her cause by right be sanctified.*
>
> If you have acted once a generous part,
> The world, and not the world's masters, will decide;
> And I shall be delighted to learn *who*.
> *Save you and yours, have gained by Waterloo?*

(Loud cheers) Davoust in Hamburg—Junot in Lisbon—Malakoff in the Algerian caves—were guilty of acts—and Wellington at St. Sebastian—worthy of Russia in Poland or Haynau in Austria. (Oh! and applause.) Butler's offence is words—England's offence was acts. Was Butler's motive good or bad? It is the motive, not the act, that blackens the crime. (Hear, and cheers.) England is not the land to give America examples as to the treatment of women. (Applause.) America is a country where its youth are taught not to insult an old man or a woman, and a woman can go through the entire country without being insulted. America is the land where education and religion gives tone to the morals of our people. How careful England is to find fault with our Federal army. (Hear.) Have you seen any questions on the Parliamentary paper asking if the reports are true regarding atrocities of the Confederate army? Has the Federal power no friend at Court to ask these questions of Lord Palmerston? *Is it true* that savages, led on by Confederates, scalped our wounded officers at Pea Ridge? (Hear.) *Is it true* that Governor Sprague found some of his aides, who were killed at Bull Run, buried with their faces downward? *Is it true* that Federal wounded on the ground at the battle of Winchester were bayoneted by Confederate soldiers? (Hear.) *Is it true* that the ladies of a certain town in Virginia invited one hundred Federals to their houses to tea, and their brothers, who were in ambush, rushed in and put all to the sword? Surely America ought to have one friend bold enough in Parliament, when Gregory and the Premier are hurling their invectives against America, to inquire if it is true that the skull of a Federal officer is a *bon-bon* for a rebel lady!—(oh)—that Madame Beauregard, who was treated with so much politeness by General Butler, wears a cameo cut from the bone of a Federal colonel!—that rebel ladies wear rings and brooches made out of the skulls of our brave officers!—that the proper thing for the rebel gentlemen at Richmond is to have a spittoon made out of a human head! (Oh, and hear.) In concluslon, let me ask if England controls America's action? If England pays our Federal officers? If England must first be consulted before we declare martial law? (Cheers.) I was not aware that Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the powerful American Republic by the bankrupt monarchies of Europe. (Cheers and applause.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S COMPLETE CASTIGATION OF "BULL RUN RUSSELL."

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION AND THE ENGLISH LIBELER.

MR. TRAIN CUTTING UP THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT INCH BY INCH.

[*From the London American of April* 30, 1862.]

The notorious correspondent of the London *Times* is receiving, as might be expected, the sympathy of all good Secessionists in England. Secession writers, taking their cue from the Secession article on his expulsion from the Federal Army, in the *Thunderer*, mourn over his exit, and Secession speakers are so strong in the London discussion halls, it is difficult to find any one to take up the weapons against him. Mr. Train, however, who is generally present at these debates of the people, vigorously supports the Union side of all questions on American affairs, and is always ready to reply to any speaker or any number of speakers, with facts, figures and arguments, in patriotic defense of his country and her institutions.

The attack of Russell on our President and Secretary of War, made in the *Times* on his return to England, is one of the weakest of his many slanders against our

people, and it will be seen by the following speech, recently delivered at one of the London discussion halls, that Mr. Train has most effectually used the scalping-knife in showing up this miserable reviler of our institutions. The question under discussion was, "*Was President Lincoln justified in refusing permission to the Times' correspondent to embark with the Federal Army?*" After a severe attack upon the President and the Administration, the audience seemed to look upon Mr. Train for a reply in defence of the Federal policy, and most effectually he did his duty in acting as the European mouthpiece of the American people. Two or three other speakers being on their feet, Mr. Train begged that they might be heard first, but the audience insisted upon his occupying the floor. From the London *American* we take the following report of Mr. Train's address:

Mr. Train.—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: No debate can show vigor unless there are two sides. (Hear.) To-night, thus far, there has been but one. Russell is the pet of the English people, and the rebuke he has received at Washington has offended you; hence comments have been made to-night, too sweeping in their censure, too severe in their application, for me to let them pass unnoticed. (Hear, hear.) It is a delicate thing for a foreigner to attack the household gods of any nation; but those who know me are aware that I generally express my thoughts regardless of the consequences to myself. I shall look at this question entirely through my own eyes, hear it through my own ears, scent it with my own nasal organ—(laughter)—taste it with my own tongue, and feel it with my own hands. (Applause.) A corporation, it is said, "has no soul to save, or no bottom to kick." (Loud laughter.) I do not expect to find the former in the *Times'* correspondent, but I will leave it to you to say, when I have concluded, whether I have not discovered some secession spot as a resting place for the foot of a Union man. (Oh! laughter and applause.) The *Times*, for half a century, as the paid organ of the governing classes—(Oh!)—has consistently abused and misrepresented everything American. (Hear, hear.) Its policy has been to search the criminal calendar for the most obscene and revolting cases of crime, in order to portray them in its columns as the leading characteristics of the American people. (That's so.) Out of a hundred leaders in the American papers, on commerce, education, or politics, there might have been one article on crime; that article was at once seized upon by the *Times* to prove to Europe from our own mouths how demoralized we had become. Vice was always inserted in leaded type: Virtue was not a characteristic of Republics. By constant repetitions of these slanders, every thing that was vile in the history of man was stamped upon the American. (Oh! and hear, hear.) Americans are generous as well as just, and you can imagine how mortified they must have been, after the warm-hearted shake of the hand they gave your future King, to see the *Times* preach day after day against the Union and the law. (Hear, hear.) At the commencement of the war Mr. Russell was sent out to describe the vicissitudes of the strife. We knew him, as we know all your writers, and are first to discover their talents. Thackeray was known in every village, and returned to England with money in his pocket to be told when he was defeated at Cambridge that there were only three men on the electoral list who had ever heard of him. (Laughter.) Russell reigned supreme as the king of the correspondents, and his graphic descriptions of Crimean and Indian warfare were familiar to us all. So many errors have been committed to-night by the speakers who have preceded me, you had better let me give a hasty glance at his career; first stating three distinct negatives. Russell is an Irishman, not an Englishman. (Hear, hear.) Russell was not the *Times'* correspondent in Italy, and you ought to know as well as I, that it was poor Bowlby and not Russell who succeeded Cook in China. (Hear, hear.) Nobody seems to know whether Russell was born in 1816, or 1821; but, graduating at Trinity, he commenced writing for the *Times* in 1843. Living at a Sensation time, when O'Connell was the Sensation leader, Russell became the Sensation letter-writer, and, with the exception of the short period from 1845 to 1847, when he was on the *Chronicle*, he has been chief of the *Times'* staff. In 1850 he became a barrister, the literary dodge often practised to open the door to good society. (Oh!) The gentleman says oh; but it is notorious that he never held a brief, wore a wig, or gave a legal opinion. (Hear, hear.) He did what Carter Hall and Make-Peace Thackeray did before him—paid the hundred pound barrister-license, to obtain the *locus standi* of the West End. In 1854 and 1855 he was the tyrant of the army at the Crimea, and, so unfairly did he use the means at his command, there are many officers now in the British army who treat him with the scorn which he deserves. (Cries of no.) His attack upon the Commissary Department did more to prolong the contest than is generally known. I was told, when at St. Petersburg after the war, that the Emperor received telegraphic dispatches from London as to the wretched conditions of the allied forces, as described by "our own correspondent," which made the Russians more vindictive and more determined, more obsti-

nate. and stimulated them to make greater exertions to pour down troops to the Crimea. (Hear, hear, and True.) England may thank Russell for the additions to many a Crimean graveyard, and many a noble home in England has been made sad by this reckless trader in human reputation, who yesterday came sniveling like a whipped schoolboy before the British people, in a three-column attack upon the American Government, simply because that Government has enforced its orders, not against Mr. Russell only, but against all the correspondents of the world, American as well as European. (Loud cheers.) France, he forgets to mention, was the dear ally of England in the Russian war, yet he was refused permission to enter the French camps, although the allied generals were acting in concert. (Applause.) The Emperor sent a special order prohibiting his entrance inside the ranks. It was enough to see the *Times* play into the hands of Russia, by slandering the English army, without libelling the French as well. President Lincoln has followed the action of some other distinguished names. Did not Sir Charles Napier refuse to take a correspondent with him to the Baltic? (Yes.) Did not the Duke of Wellington prohibit correspondents following the army in the Peninsula? (Hear, and Yes.) Did he not say that correspondents ought all to be hanged who would comment upon a general's military plans? Do you think that the British Government would allow any newspaper correspondent, in the employ of any other Government, to criticise any of the movements of the army on the field of battle? (No.) How strange that this same Russell should ask a favor of the President whom, a short time ago, he accused of manslaughter in hanging the slave-trader Gordon. But, to continue—in 1856 he was sent to Moscow to paint the picture of Alexander's coronation, and I will do him the justice to say that he painted it well. (Cheers.) That year his college dubbed him LL.D. The next year he was in India, and, in 1858, established that lamentable failure, the *Army and Navy Gazette*. And now we come more directly to the question in debate, *Was the President justified in his expulsion?* (Hear, hear.) To answer it, let me ask, are the American people justified in passing any laws that they may think proper, without consulting the London *Times?* (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Having passed an order cutting off all our own correspondents, I cannot understand upon what ground Mr. Russell should be an exception—(hear, hear, and a voice, "You allow the American correspondents to be there.") I tell you it is not true, unless you mean that every officer is a correspondent, and every soldier a letter-writer, proving that education in America is on the flood-tide of civilization. (Cheers.) In order to show you the contemptible part this wolf in sheep's clothing has played (dissent) let me trace his vulpecular course since he landed. Received at New York with open arms, introduced at our clubs, and in our families, he writes his first letter, and prints his first libel, declaring that there was no Union feeling, no Union sentiment, no Union army, in the North; predicting the entire collapse of our Republic. He went to Washington, where doors opened wide again to give him welcome, and again he replied with another sneer against the Federal resources. He passed on to Charleston, and there it was that he found the gentleman, the chivalrous officer, the anointed Carolinian; and abolition Russell fell violently in love with Negro Slavery, and Southern brandy. (Oh! and hear, hear.) From this point he wrote that republicanism was dead in the South—the Confederacy wanted a king—and the Prince of Wales was suggested. (Hear, hear.) That noble Prince, who a few months before had been insulted in Richmond, the only place where he was not well received in the Western world! Acting on these letters and his confederate conspirator, Mr. Bunch, the Secession British consul at Charleston, Lord John Russell made his first false step in acknowledging the rebels as belligerants, and it is not the fault of these British spies that the Foreign Secretary did not acknowledge the Confederacy. (Hear.) Under the sacred cover of diplomatic letters, it is fair to presume that at this time he made his plans to furnish through the British despatch bags to the rebel generals the entire plans of the Northern army; (Oh! and where's your proof?) as well as to keep Yancey and the British Government thoroughly posted, through the despatches of Lord Lyons to the Foreign Office; acting the double part of a British informer and a rebel spy. (Dissent, and proof, proof.) You ask for proof—I refer you to the diplomatic correspondence, in the month of October, between Mr. Seward, Mr. Adams, and Lord Lyons—demanding the recall of Mr. Bunch, for sending rebel papers from the Southern leaders to their Commissioners here, through Lord Lyons' despatch bag and the Foreign Office. Mr. Seward having tripped up the British Government in this equivocal piece of diplomacy—(oh! and hear, hear)—Lord John Russell afterwards sent his special messenger by every steamer to Washington, and it is *a singular fact that Yancey was the first to obtain every information on both sides of the line, the moment this arrangement was made;*—(hear, hear)—but, to go on, Russell was next at Fort Pickens, which he falsely predicted would soon be occupied by General Bragg; but recent events have proved that although

General Bragg may be a good dog, General Holdfast is a better. (Laughter and cheers.) At New Orleans he commenced to be disgusted with the South, and, believing that he could reach the North before his letters returned, he began abusing those who had entertained him, and ridiculed the riff-raff that composed the Southern army. His picture, however, of the poverty of the English wives and daughters, whose husbands and fathers had been impressed into the Confederate army, together with the several British subjects who were imprisoned at New Orleans, created no such horror in England as the arrest of one British subject would have done in the North—(hear, hear) —but let me hurry on. At Cairo he thanks his God that he had left the land of ruffians and gamblers, and was again under the Stars and Stripes. (Hear, hear.) His letters having come back to America he accused the Southern post office of having tampered with his correspondence, forgetting that his employers in Printing-House Square are ever ready to cut a truth out of any letter, and insert a lie, when it answers their purpose. (Oh, shame.) Not entirely corrupt, still respecting the lessons of the Pilgrims, we still observe one of the good old Puritan customs of keeping the Sabbath holy. What must, then, be the disgust of the good people of Illinois to find this model Churchman out in the prairie with his dogs and gun, disturbing the peaceful services in the little village church on its border with the report of fire-arms. (Shame.) An everlasting disgrace upon the English people, as well as an insult to our own. (Hear, hear.) He was summoned to the police court, and out of respect to the church-going nation he represented, and as well as disgusted with his ignorance of our religious customs, he was discharged. (Hear, hear.) He returned to Washington in time to describe—as an eye-witness—the battle from which he acknowledges that he was six miles distant. (Laughter.) It has come to pass that he arrived in Washington some hours in advance of the disorganized volunteers whom he ridicules, and carved his facts out of his imagination. He is a word-painter, and can paint a truth as well as a lie; but his taste runs in the latter vein. (Oh!) Consequently, he sinks the truth whenever he can, so that he may the more effectually float the lie with which he caters to the willing appetite of English Secession. (Where's your proof?) Mark some of his prophecies, and the proof shall be ample. Did he not say that Burnside's expedition would be a failure? (Hear, hear, and yes.) You know that it was a perfect success. (Applause.) Did he not say that we had no power of raising an army out of our volunteers? You know how false has been the assertion. (Hear, hear.) Did he not say that we had no rifles, no artillery, no officers, no generals? You know, gentlemen, that never before was an army so thoroughly equipped. (Hear, hear.) Did he not say that it was impossible to save the Border States? and yet Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Maryland are all back again, while Virginia and North Carolina are knocking at the Union door. Did he not say that the rebel army would make a terrible fight at Manassas? And yet, how rapidly they fled at the advance of McClellan! (Hear, hear.) Do you want more proof, gentlemen, of this miserable slanderer's libels? Take Island No. 10. Did he not say that there would be no rebel resistance there? And yet, the cannon have been roaring there for weeks in front, while we cut a twelve-mile canal up to their back door, and bagged their entire army of six thousand men. Did he not say that the American people would not take up the first loan, and the second, and the third? (Hear, hear.) Did he not say that our people were bankrupt, our Government insolvent, our Treasury empty? Did he not say that Americans would not allow themselves to be taxed? And yet, gentlemen, time has shown that he is not only a false prophet, but a systematic liar. (Dissent.) Gentlemen, you must excuse my bad French—(loud laughter)—while I continue my dissection of this libellous charletan!—the paid agent to misrepresent everything American. (A gentleman arose to say that Mr. Train's language was unparliamentary, and while the debate was quite free, the epithets used and bitterness displayed by Mr. Train were quite uncalled for.) Mr. Train continued, much excited: You know, gentlemen, that I usually express my own thoughts—not yours. My words are percussion caps, not flint locks; and I told you on the start that I should bring revolvers to bear against Mr. Russell and the speakers who defend him, if they put any more firecrackers in my breeches. (Loud laughter, and hear, hear.) To continue: as Mr. Russell's letters returned to America, our independent press soon discovered, instead of an able-bodied, healthy argument, nothing but false hair, false teeth, dyed whiskers, a glass eye, and a wooden leg; in other words, a stereotyped sham instead of a fine specimen of English honesty. It will be remembered that, some time ago, correspondents were prohibited from following the army; this was followed up by the Government seizure of the telegraph offices. Here was discovered a fine nest of traitors, and who do you suppose was the chief robber in the band? Why, William Howard Russell, the reliable correspondent of the London *Times!* (Hear, hear, and Oh!) The mystery was at last solved, the secret came out, and the hostility of the *Times*—the Secession spirit of the Government—was explained; and the

gigantic plot discovered, which already has filled many a Western graveyard, and has ruined, is ruining, and will continue to ruin, thousands in England! The time has arrived for the world to understand that the whole action of the *Times*, through its leaders and its correspondents, has been to weigh golden sovereigns in the scale against human life and human misery. Somebody has made millions—rumor points to Rothschild and some distinguished names in political life, as the accomplices of the *Times*, in this nefarious plot to involve the English and Americans in an inhuman war, that they might make a few more hundred thousands in the Stock Exchange. (Shame, and a voice, "You have no right to make such a statement without proof." Cries of order.) Unfortunately, I have too much proof. Among the despatches seized by the Government, this one was discovered:

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 27th, half-past two, P. M.—From W. H. Russell to Samuel Ward, New York Hotel. *Act on this telegram as though you heard good news for you and me.*" (Hear, hear.)

This, you remember, was the crisis of the Trent affair. Russell had just obtained the important scent from Lord Lyons, that the rebel commissioners would be given up, and sent his orders to purchase, right and left, all kind of stocks in the New York market, (shame,) and to make the speculation sure, he wrote a letter to the *Times* that night, to go by the next day's steamer, saying that he knew Mason and Slidell not only would not be given up, (shame,) but that there was every prospect of immediate war. (Shame.) Now, I maintain that such acts are sufficient to condemn him at the tribunal of English public opinion, and to fasten upon the *Times* the entire responsibility of the terrible distress that now exists in the manufacturing districts, (hear, hear,) and now agitates the mind of the London laborer and the London poor. It is well known that important dispatches were suppressed by your government for three weeks, and that important operations took place upon the stock exchange through Rothschilds' broker. Read the weak reply of the *Morning Post* to the *Morning Star*. It is also rumored that Mr. Peabody made, during these memorable three weeks, by purchasing American securities, twice as much as he has recently paid for a leader in the *Times*. Mr. Peabody has, however, done one act, I understand, for which I forgive him in part, for being so bad a Union man and so good a Secessionist. Some years ago, he was black-balled at the Reform Club; as it is notorious in this country that you can get any thing by paying for it, no one was surprised to hear, since his munificent donation, that the Reform Club had made him an honorary member. It is also stated that, in this case, Mr. Peabody has proved himself too much of an American to accept it. (Hear.) In conclusion, I may mention the meanest and the last act of Mr. Russell's contemptible course in America.

Well knowing the order of the Department prohibiting all correspondents from following the army, he sneaked on board the Government transport under the *quasi* protection of his American friend, General McClellan; and then it was that the Secretary was obliged to re-issue the order, never for a moment supposing that any English gentleman would have done so mean a thing. The impudence of the man out-Russells Russell. Think of him writing to the Secretary of War to know if he (the Secretary) really meant to act on the order that he (the Secretary) issued! following it up with an audacity almost beyond belief, by writing to the President to know if he permitted his Secretary of War to take any such action! To show you the impertinence of the thing, let me suppose a case. Ireland has seceded; I arrive in London as the correspondent of the New York *Herald;* having met Lord Clyde in the Crimea, I obtained permission to accompany him to Ireland, having first written my letters to the *Herald*, ridiculing the English army, English generals, and English ministers, (hear, hear,) proving beyond a doubt how impossible it was for England to recover Ireland. At this moment, these letters having returned to England, the Secretary of War calls Lord Clyde's attention to an order prohibiting correspondents from joining the army. Imagine my indignantly waiting upon Lord Palmerston to know if he meant to act on the army order; and then, if you can, imagine my having the audacity to have penetrated the gloom of Osborne, to see if some higher power could not make the Premier rescind his instructions. (Hear, hear.) I think, gentlemen, I have succeeded in defending the Administration and Mr. Stanton. (Hear, hear.)

Russell went to America an Abolitionist; he came back, as most Englishmen do, a pro-slavery man. He went to America as a gentleman; he returned, after outraging all the rules of good society, to chuckle with his employers over the fortunes that had been made over this stock-jobbing operation. I called him a robber; is it not robbery to deprive widows and orphans, by frightening them into selling their stocks at ruinous prices? Is it not villainy to paint a lie, so that it shall resemble truth? Is it not murder so to disseminate these lies, as to prolong a contest at the cost of thousands of lives? Is it not damnable to speculate in human flesh, placing pounds in the scale against human life? Is it not criminal, by the repetition of continued falsehoods, to create an animosity between two people, that

it may be difficult to allay? He said our mob would not give up Mason and Slidell; but when you know he said it in order to speculate upon the stock exchange, can you see what reliance could have been placed upon the report of the battles that are now taking place. He went to America bloated with the conceit of his own importance. The American journalists have tapped him, and his sudden collapse is a well-merited rebuke to his employers. Under the impulse of champagne and good brandy, he can paint a battle scene; but how shallow, aside from this, how feeble his correspondence generally appears. De Tocqueville visited America, and wrote a searching analysis of our institutions. Russell has had ample time to do the same; but, has he done so? No. What has he told the English people of our enormous resources? our gigantic energy? our terrible resolution? What has he said about our progressive agriculture? our increasing manufacturing strength? Where has he described our progress in ship-building, and in railways, and in telegraphs? What has he told the English people of our educational systems, our common schools, and our colleges? What essays has he written, analyzing our social and political life? Pray, in what respect has he followed the noble example of De Tocqueville, in giving Europe a philosophical treatise on republican institutions? (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I have finished. In sitting down, let me say, that had I been in Washington, I would have allowed him to have followed the army, (cheers,) in order to show how little we cared for his continued slanders. (Oh, hear, hear.) But I think I have said enough to make you admit that President Lincoln was quite justified in not entirely consulting William Howard Russell as to the policy of the more or less United States of America. (Loud cheers.)

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN'S CASTIGATION OF LORD BROUGHAM.

TRAIN'S BOLD EXPOSURE OF THE WHOLESALE DEBAUCHERIES OF THE DERBY DAY.

[*From the London American of June* 11, 1862.]

Our Hamburg correspondent, some time ago, alluded to Mr. Train as the indefatigable Train. If industry, application, and study indicate the title, Mr. Train has certainly earned it. He lectures nearly every night to large audiences, and all for charitable institutions. On Thursday evening he lectured on "*Travel*, the Royal Road to Knowledge," at Camberwell Hall, for the benefit of the Milton Society for the Blind. On Friday evening, at St. Mary's Church, the Rev. Mr. Smith in the chair, for the benefit of the Ragged School—on "Education and Character in many Nations." Last night, he spoke on "Temperance," to the working-classes, at the Arnold Place Hall, Dockhead.

Mr. Train is so widely known in England, his name gives him filled rooms, and enables him to add to the funds of many worthy charities. His services are all gratuitous. He never lectures for money, and the high moral tone of his lectures has added to his fame. We have been fearful that a man possessing such wide and general information would sometimes express too strong opinions for these columns, but we have never been more pleased than to see him come out as he did on Saturday night, before a crowded hall, as a moralist and reformer. We advise him to stick to this platform—preach temperance, virtue, morality—and there will be no position he may not aspire to in his native land.

Train's scorching rebuke to Lord Brougham is well timed, and his terrible exposure of the well-known vices of the Derby, was as true as it was bold. A dozen speakers had eulogized his lordship's speech at the Social Science Convention, and each gave a glowing description of their household god, the Derby. Mr. Train did not intend to speak, but the audience refused to hear the other debaters who were on their feet.

Mr. Train:—I never refuse a challenge from any source—(hear)—much more when so personal as this has been to-night. I am not in speaking mood. I came in too late. I require some strong libel upon America to bring me out. (Cheers.) I confess myself better in defence than in attack, but as I see a breach in the rampart I will give you a taste of the latter. (Hear and applause.) Mr. Warwick, while speaking on the late Ministerial victory, said her Majesty's Government could not exist without an honorable Opposition. (Hear.) As I do not occupy the Ministerial benches, I will play the Disraeli of to-night's debate—(hear)—and assume the character of Iconoclast.

England worships many gods, but none more than Lord Brougham—(cheers)—and the Derby-day. (Cheers and laughter.) The fulsome adulation which you have lavished on Lord Brougham to-night is as ill-timed as the worship you bestow upon the Derby-day. (Oh!) *Lord Brougham is the most overrated man in Europe!* (Cries of No, no, and hear.) Brougham the Great has become Brougham the Little. The people's champion has sunk into the advocate of the aristocracy. (Oh, and derisive cheers.) The once pre-eminent lawyer has changed into the sychophantic Lord. His speeches twenty, thirty, and forty years since showed undoubted intellectual vigor—(cheers)—but his Social Science platitudes are as barren of ideas as they are replete with vanity. (Oh, and hear.) On three occasions I have waded through the many-columned essays which the *Times* records under the endorsement of a fulsome leader—and each time I returned my note-book to my pocket without gaining a point worthy of record. (Oh, and bosh.) Any schoolmaster would give you a better essay in a day's notice—but any schoolmaster could not get the essay into the *Times*. (Hear.) The fact is, Lord Brougham is a good illustration of wisdom gone to seed. (Laughter.) He wrote himself out years ago, and talked himself out before I was a schoolboy. His range of thought is limited—his style is stiff—his mannerisms are painful. (Hear.) He is an intellectual cucumber gone to seed—too ripe for our age—we liked him better when he was green—(laughter)—England worships him for what he has been—his Social Science Congress is the weakness of his dotage—a mutual admiration society, of which he is the mutual admiration—the sun surrounded by innumerable mutual admiration satelites. (Oh, and hear.) The old, You-tickle-me-and-I-will-tickle-you system. (Hear and laughter.) You do these things well in England. Lord Brougham was the associate of Wilberforce, Buxton, Stephen, Clarkson, and Zachary Macaulay. In the great abolition scheme—(loud cheers)—he was in at the birth—and was alive at the death—to graduate as a worshipper of treason—(oh)—a friend of the slave-owner—(no)—a hater of America—(no)—and has been guilty of preaching Secession even in the House of Lords. (Cries of no—and a voice, "That accounts for Mr. Train's attack.") You say no—and yet you cannot have forgotten his speech a few nights since to the peers, when speaking of Mr. Seward's clever treaty on the slave trade, he spoke of it as a treaty made with the Northern Government. (Hear, hear.) What does that convey? why—that you have already acknowledged the Southern Confederacy, and the House of Lords is in communication with the abolition Brougham's personal friends, the negro-breeding traitors, Mason and Slidell. (Oh, and cheers.) *Treaty with the Northern Government!* The insult is palpable—and the more so because made in the House of Lords. The Treaty is with the United States of America—(cheers)—as a whole, not as a part. Mr. Adams is our Minister, not Mr. Mason. (Hear. Who doubts that Lord Brougham's intellectual power is on the wane when he makes such a mistake. Two years ago he insulted Mr. Dallas, in the presence of the Prince Consort, by a personal allusion to the black delegate who was present at the Congress. (Hear.) True he called to apologize, but our Minister refused to see the old libeller of our people. Only two years ago he insulted the American people because of slavery—and now insults them again for trying to abolish it. (Hear, and "Shame.")

It is high time that Lord Brougham was laid upon the shelf. His time has past. Lord Brougham, the Social Science toady of the Peers, is no longer the once beloved Henry Brougham of the people. (Cheers, and dissent.) There goes Brougham's carriage, said a noble Lord to Sydney Smith. You see the B. outside. Yes, replied the wit, but there is a *wasp* within. (Laughter.) Were the dean alive to-day how quick he would observe that the great Reformer had given up Reform—that the leading Liberal was no longer the advocate of liberal ideas—in short that the wasp had lost its sting. (Applause.) Mr. O'Brien asked, What is conservatism? Shall I describe it? (Yes.) Well—then conservatism is old monarchies—old nations—old customs—old men and Lord Brougham. (Laughter.) Conservatism is the great flat stone upon the green sward, Dig it up and what do you see?—serpents—lizards running to their holes—huge bugs frightened at the daylight—spiders—and cold clammy worms gathering themselves together—and all kinds of unclean things. (Hear.) Remove the stone—cart it away. Let the sunshine of progress fall upon the spot—and pass that way the next year, and you will behold a sight to gladden the eyes of man—beautiful grasses have sprung up—and delicate flowers have bloomed there, and all is fresh with purity and joy. (Loud cheers.) Conservatism, gentlemen, is the stone. Progress is its removal. (Cheers,) The one represents the loathsome insects that sleep in the darkness—the other the buds and flowers that open their leaves in the sunlight. (Loud cheers.) Yes, Conservatism bears the same relation to Toryism that the Puseyite does to the Catholic. The one is a eunich—the other an entire man. (Oh, and laughter.) Having taken down from his niche in the altar of your worship one of your household gods, I now come to the other. All the speeches to-night were eloquent on the Derby day—(cheers)—and

the last debater said it was a sight that would make even Mr. Train delighted with our institutions. Stimulated by your cheers, he went on to say that there I could read the Constitution of England. There, said he, you see this great empire, and concluded by representing the Derby day as a picture of England's Civil Rights and Religious Liberties. (Cheers.) It may seem unkind for me to disturb the scene. You may think it ungenerous for me to destroy the picture; but I may do good by telling the truth (hear) —although it may meet with strong opposition. If I come out taught as a Reformer, you must not censure me. (Hear.) If I speak as a moralist, you must listen with respect. (Hear.) You assent. (Yes.) Then let me tell you that the Derby day is the great charnel house of crime, where the noble and the serf meet on equality the gambler, the courtezan, and the horse thief. (Cries of "Libel"—"Insult to England"—"Bosh," and derisive cheers.) As Hamlet remarks to Laertes, a palpable hit. (Hear.) You seem offended. You forget that I am on the opposition benches. (Hear.) That you repeatedly called upon me before I rose to speak. (Hear, and "That's so.") You like the truth—you do not wish to be Barnumized—you cannot say that I flatter or fawn upon you for my own benefit—and in this age of toadyism and snobism you ought to appreciate a man who dares to speak the truth—(cheers)—although at the risk of losing all his popularity. (Cheers,) I say that the Derby is a disgrace to England—a blot upon the moral character of the English people—(oh)—and if that day represents civil liberty and religious freedom, I thank God that America has not arrived at that pitch of Christian civilization. (Oh, and interruption, one or two gentlemen leaving the hall, saying they were a lot of snobs to listen to such abuse.) Order being restored, Mr. Train said—I see I must prove my case, point by point. (Hear.) I have made a bold assertion, and you call upon me to prove it. (Hear.) I will do it to your entire satisfaction. (Cheers and laughter.) To commence. *The Derby is the delight of the rum-seller, the beer-shop, and the gin palace.* Intemperance that day holds his Bacchanalian court—Champagne on the grand stand for the noble—rum and sherry, and gin, in the court below for the Traviatas, and beer and porter and foul mixtures for the great unwashed. (Laughter.) The costermonger gets drunk for a shilling, and the noble for a pound. *Drunkenness* is the great feature of the Derby day—*Soberness* would be sneered at—drink deep, drink long, drink all the time. Ask Fortnum and Mason what they put in the hampers to take away men's senses. Look at the merchant, the broker, and the banker the day after the Derby. Those heavy eye-balls, with red borders, that dark ridge under the eyelash, that yellow-tinged complexion and listless gait, all betoken a day of dissipation at the Derby, and a night of debauchery at Cremorne. (Oh, and laughter.) *The Derby is the grand annual muster of the Blackleg—the Burglar—and the Gambler!* (Hear.) There they meet the Lords of England and the Members of the House of Commons. Equality —Fraternity—Liberty. Betting is contagious. The General sets the example to those in the ranks. The Priest bets his bottle of wine, and the ladies bet gloves. Everybody gambles at the Derby. The passions are excited. The mind is disordered. Impure thoughts enter the brain. Vice is a terrible contagion. Free Trade in gambling undermines morality, and schools industry to be the first victim for the Penitentiary. I do not think that assembling with blacklegs, pimps and scamps, tends to elevate the mind or improve the morals of man. (Hear, and applause.) *The Derby* is not a day of prayer and fasting; but the tongue is loose and *vulgarity is the order of the hour. Profanity* is on the increase, vulgarity gains new disciples on the Derby. I was taught that profane swearing was the resort of the vulgar. (Hear, and oh.) The gentleman may dissent —but the man who cannot endorse his opinion without the obscene introduction of some loud oath deserves the pity of all good men. (Hear.) It is a vile habit—coarse and plebeian. There are two distinct marks of the true gentleman. He never tells a lie or takes the name of God in vain. (Hear, hear.)

> It chills my heart to hear the blest Supreme
> Rudely appealed to upon every trifling theme,
> Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
> To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise,
> You would not swear upon a bed of death,
> Repent! your Maker now may stop your breath.

(*Applause.*)

The Derby Day is the Baden Baden of the Rouge et Noir. Gambling is the rule —all classes bet—the servant copies the master—men lose who can little afford it. Gaming is a terrible vice—it ruins the winner as well as the loser. What excitement is the most intense? asked the Regent.—Winning at cards, replied Fox.—What next?—Losing. The Derby is covered with gamblers. Thimble-rigging, cock-fighting, card betting, horse racing, fortune telling, penny tossing. Each sharper bent on his prey. The gamester is a lost man, and the Derby is his lair. Another thought. *The Derby is a day of unbridled license.* The Christian preacher has no voice at the Derby. Slang phrases are the fashion. The chaff of the Derby is an institution—(hear and cheers)—but it is a vulgar, low, disgusting institution. (Oh, and hisses.) The ride home is a scene of danger—coats torn—hats lost—carriages broken, and life risked —stones, mud, dirt, and bon-bons fly around

your head. Your eyes are liable to be put out at any moment. The ladies in your carriage may be your sisters—your wives—your daughters. Never mind it; they must listen and blush not, for it is the Derby-day. The young men with their four-in-hand throw dolls and wooden babies into their laps—(laughter)—the very idea conveys an immoral thought—the conception is obscene. Who introduced this doll-throwing custom? Of course, it was the libertine—the seducer. The act is often accompanied with loud jests.

> Immodest words admit of no defence,
> For want of decency is want of sense!

The Derby is the benefit day of the Shoulder hitter and the Pugilist. The rowdy scenes—the brutal contests—the bloody fights on the grounds are only surpassed in debauchery by what take place on the return from the races. The drunken drivers rush madly along the streets, and human limbs and human life are risked on all sides. Go into the hospitals the next day and make a note of the broken arms—the burned bodies and disfigured faces you see there. Cruelty to man succeeds cruelty to horses — Miss Todd's coachman must not punish his horse—but the jockey of the Earl of Essex, must not be questioned when driving his spurs deep into the favorite's sides. (Hear, hear.) Again, the extravagance of the Derby is enough to condemn it. How many go there that can little afford it? (That's so.) How many young men have risked and lost—and their employers must suffer until the clerk turns out a Robson—a Redpath—or a Pullinger! (Cheers.) Perhaps he is a married man with grown-up daughters and all dependent upon his hard-earned salary. He bets—he loses—he becomes mad—he looks over the bridge—his courage fails—he stops a moment—hesitates—then kneels down before the heavily-laden coal cart—puts his head deliberately under the great wheel and his head is crushed to atoms! *He died through losses on the Derby!* Pollok speaks words of fire of the suicide—who with his own hands opened the portals of eternity and sooner than the devils hoped arrived in hell! (Sensation.) *The Derby is the Stock Exchange of horse thieves.* (Oh.) That day they revel in their villanies. They come from all parts of these islands to carry on their infamous traffic on the Derby—why is it that men consider dishonesty a virtue when they sell a horse? (Laughter.) The Jew and Gentile—the Arab and the Hindoo—the gentleman and the blackleg—the English lord and the Irish peasant, are all the same when dealing in horse-flesh! The Quaker said his horse had no faults and would *stick to a hill.* "Will he draw?" "Yes, thee would be delighted to see him draw!" Of course the animal turned out to be a jibber—as well as blind!—"That," said the Quaker, "is his misfortune not his fault." (Laughter.) The Parson will let the purchaser find out the spavin; the philanthropist will not tell you of the lameness—the Christian lady will conceal the vice of the beast she offers for sale—and the Christian gentleman delights in having his holiday sport at the Derby!—*The Derby is the Kate Hamilton's of the Cyprians!* Here Cyprians flaunt their silks and rustle their satins, and make their coarse jests and loud observations in the presence of the fairest, the highest, and the most virtuous ladies of England. Which is the lady, and which the Cyprian, asks the stranger? Really, who can tell. (Hear.)

Even Frith, in his picture of the Derby Day, has the portraits of some celebrated prostitutes to make it life-like. So I am told. What a place to take our wives and daughters! Would you introduce them at the Holborn Casino? Would you take them to dance the Lancers at the Argyle Rooms? (No.) Would you go with them to the Piccadilly Saloon, or the Portland Rooms, or Cadwell's and drive them twice a-week to Cremorne? Most assuredly, no! Few married men would be so bold. Yet what they shun in the haunts of vice in London they court in broad daylight at the *Derby!* (True) They are horrified at vice and the prostitution when retailed, but are its noblest patrons when wholesaled. All that is bad comes together at the Derby. *That day* the Argyle Magdalens are in their champagne robes. *That day* the casino empties its Camilles into the Derby, *That day* Kate Hamilton sits supreme upon her throne. *That day* the Hay-market removes its entire population to the Derby—the great rendezvous of the Concubine, and the Stock Exchange of the Harlot. (Ironical cheers.) *That day* bad women meet by appointment bad men, and virtue is scoffed at on the great charnel bourse of the Courtezan. Here female beauty means loss of honor, of virtue, and of moral life. And yet knowing these things, Englishmen hesitate not to introduce their families into such haunts of iniquity. Why? Simply because it is fashionable. (Hear.) The Lords are there as well as the Commons. Fashion is a tyrant. A Queen once introduced large sleeves to cover her broken arm. A Queen gave the world corsets to hide her ugly form. A Queen suggested long dresses because her feet were large, and an empress invented crinoline when coming events cast their shadows before. (Laughter.) So fashion makes immorality popular. Great Ladies countenance the Derby, and who dares protest? The Bishop of Oxford? No! Lord Brougham? No! His Social Science would not interfere with the Social evil which he thinks is a Social necessity. (Laughter). Where is London, and Canter-

bury, and Durham? Do they object. Does the Duchess of Sutherland and the fair peeresses of England endorse the horrid debaucheries of the Derby day? I have never seen their protest, although they found time to appeal to the American ladies about the immorality of slavery. (Applause) If evil communications currupt good manners the evil of the Derby must breed foul curruption. If ladies are known by the company they keep, the Derby is not the place for modesty and purity. How the young girl must shrink in the presence of her lover, when listening from her elegant brougham on the hill to the obscene songs and conversation of the gipsy women, who perhaps have been paid to entertain the mistress of the young gentleman in the adjoining carriage. (Hear.) All this is allowed on the Derby day. The Peers approve it—the judges award it—and no Cumming—no Newman Hall—no Spurgeon—no Lord Shaftesbury, raise their voices against the wholesale immoralities of the Derby Day! Oh, no! *That would be un-English.* (Laughter.) My painting is completed, my argument is closed. I was challenged, Mr. Grand. I accepted. I have fought and I ask you, sir, who is the dead man? (Laughter.) The honorable speaker pointed to the Derby, where I might witness Civil Right and Religious Freedom—the great Constitutional Charter of your race. After the scenes I have painted, I hope, for the sake of Virtue, Morality, and Religion, that argument will never be advanced again. I maintain I have proved three distinct propositions. The Derby Day is the Stock Exchange of Pugilism—the Mecca of the Horse Thief—the Bourse of the Gambler—the Rendezvous of the Blackleg—the Rum-shop of the Drunkard—the Central Depot where the villanies of the Turf are matured—and the Grand Bazaar of the Gentleman Better—the Vulgar Card-player—the elegant Adulterer—(oh, and cheers)—the profligate Roue—the hardened Gipsy—and the aristocratic Blackguard! Here the frail women hold their levees, who are as corrupt in body as they are in mind, whose coarse oaths in their drunken orgies sound upon the ear like the Death Rattle of Remorse. (Loud applause.) Virtue to the woman is what the grain is to the straw—take it away and man and beast tread it under foot. (Loud Cheers.)

Mr. Train sat down amid congratulations on all sides. He fairly changed his opponents into admirers by the power of his morality and the crushing logic of his eloquence.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S GREAT SPEECH ON MEXICO.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE—THE SECRET TREATY—THE CONVENTION AND THE QUARREL—ENGLAND A FILLIBUSTER—AMERICA'S FOUR CARDINAL VIRTUES—TEXAS AND THE MEXICAN WAR—MEXICO BEFORE THE REPUBLIC.

[*From the London American of May* 28, 1862.]

WERE ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND SPAIN JUSTIFIED IN THEIR EXPEDITION AGAINST MEXICO?

The approaching settlement of the American question makes more prominent the Mexican embroglio. England has backed out—so has Spain—while France is left to take the glory or the shame of this barefaced piratical expedition. We are not surprised to see the *Times* and *Saturday Review* cheering on the Emperor to his certain ruin. England's affection for France is undoubted. Mr. Train has fairly exhausted the subject in the Debate on Monday evening at St. Paul's Discussion Hall in Ludgate-hill—WERE ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND SPAIN JUSTIFIED IN THEIR EXPEDITION AGAINST MEXICO?

Mr. Train opened in the negative, and the audience became most impatient under his scorching sarcasms. The importance of the speech warrants the space it occupies. He gives a digest of Mexican history, introduces all the points, and has fairly bayoneted England while holding the Monitor up to France.

Mr. Train (who had been detained at another large meeting where he was advertised to speak) commenced about nine o'clock, and spoke for an hour and a half amid considerable interruption, one man having said it was a lie. Mr. Train demanded that he should retract the unparliamentary expression or leave the Hall. He left.

MEXICO BEFORE THE REPUBLIC.

Mr. Train: Mexico is the India of the west! While England was sowing the seeds of empire in the east, Spain was equally active in the west. But while England holds her Indian empire still, Spain lost her foothold on the mainland of the western continent and planted her flag upon an island where it still floats above the half-caste and the Castilian. What Java is to the Dutch, Cuba is to Spain. These islands both pay. Mexico is no longer Spanish. The blood thrills as we repaint the rise and fall of the Mexican empire. How vivid the blind historian Prescott paints the picture. (Applause.) The first conquest of Mexico under Cortez was no more brilliant than the second conquest of Mexico under Scott. (Cheers.) The third conquest of Mexico under Napoleon is another thing. (Hear.) The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries belong to Europe to act out the tragedy of kings—the drama of Conquest, of Rapine, and of Bloodshed. (Oh, and "That's so.") Then the sword was mightier than the ship. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were reserved for America to act out the drama of Self-reliance—and to introduce the age of republics—Commerce and Liberty. (Cheers.) Never before, perhaps, in the history of the world were such ideas placed before so many minds. Crowd the world's changes into a paragraph. The cities that stud the great rivers in all lands are agitated as they have never been before. (Hear.) Look at Asia. Note the millions who fight hand to hand on the banks of the Yang-tze-kiang. Tai-ping-nang for fifteen years has demonstrated that England is not the only Brigand at large. (Oh, and dissent.) The Volga's banks are now covered with Free men where Serfs once were the features of the country. Armed men are on the Mincio—distrust is on the Danube—fear reigns supreme upon the Tiber—(hear)—uncertainty hangs over the Seine—great changes will shortly take place on the banks of the Thames—distress and starvation give special interest to the banks of the Mersey—while the great rivers of America have been flowing with the blood of her children. The Ohio and the Mississippi will now become the scene of romance and of history. (Applause.) The Tennessee, the Potomac, the Shenandoah, and the James Rivers are already full of historical memories! The old world's novelists had made bankrupt its resources. The new world will now be the theme of the poet, the dramatist, and the historian. (Cheers.) Turning away from Asiatic and European life, leaving the great Union army of my own fair land to work out its country's destinies—(cheers)—I come back again to Mexico, the land of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Hernando Cortez and Winfield Scott—(hear)—the Conquestadores of the Mexican Armies. Revolution was all the fashion when this century commenced. America had forced England into respect, and the American Revolution foreshadowed and stimulated the Revolution of France, which gave the world a Bonaparte. France found in him an Emperor, but England caught a Tartar in Napoleon. (Hear, hear.)

MEXICO AFTER THE REPUBLIC.

Ten years of brigandage prepared Mexico for a change of Government. The Revolution of 1810, the Spanish fought the half-caste. It was not quelled before 1820, and the empire of Iturbide terminated in the Republic. The Federal Government was organized October 4, 1824, and Augustin I. was no more. Spain was bowed out of Mexico with the fall of San Juan de Ulloa in 1825. Mexico copied America—the one Constitution was modeled on the other. The same right of States—of Representation—of Executive. There was no slave property—no jealousy of South against North—and no room for Secession. Read Ludlow in Sampson Low's Exchange. Mexico, however, did for the Catholic religion what England does for the Protestant. Here Mexico did not copy America—our Constitution gave Free Trade to Religion—(hear, hear)—while the Mexicans introduced protection by giving the Religion to the Catholics. Mexico! Spain's child in History—Italy's child in Religion—but America's child in Politics—was a bad pupil. The American *Fourth of July* was a different thing from the Mexican *15th of September*. (Hear.) While America has had her sixteen Presidents in her seventy-two years, Mexico has had but two, Herrera and Victoria, who acted out their four years. America postponed her Revolution to finish it up in a year—(cheers)—while Mexico diluted her Revolution by having it all the time—(laughter)—during its forty years of government-making. The first President was named after your Queen—or rather before. General Victoria lived it out—General Guerrero having put down the Rebellion. Then came Gomez Pedraza—at once succeeded by Gen. Guerrero (1828 and 1829). Bustamente then bursts up Guerrero, and shoots him. (Hear.) Pedraza comes back—when lo, the curtain rises and the man, old Houston, treads—(laughter)—steps upon the stage. Santa Anna knocks Bustamente over—kicks Pedraza out—introduces Plan of Toluca—abolishes Federal Constitution, and raises the wind generally. (Laughter.) This was just after I was born (1833); as usual a Yankee steps in and hopes he don't intrude. (Laughter.) Moses Austin, in 1821, got his grant of land in Texas, and the 300 families in 40 years have grown into a pop-

ulous State. Place a coffee boy in that place noted more for the warmth of its temperature than the moral of its inhabitants—(cheers and laughter)—and a Yankee will find it. (Applause.) That has become an American proverb. Santa Anna tried to push Moses out of the bullrushes—(laughter)—in Texas, but Moses wouldn't go. (Laughter.) His son Stephen Austin was caught—imprisoned—was released—became chief of the Texans—won the battles of Gonzales, Goliard, and Bexar. Santa Anna was enraged, took the field in person, recaptured Bexar, poignarded the garrison in true Mexican style—(hear, hear)—and was himself defeated and captured (April 21, 1836) by an army not half so large as his forces. Moses and Son, you observe, in Texas still kept up their ancient fame! (Laughter.) Bustamente came back from France (1837) and took the presidential chair. This was the time that old Spain recognized the Republic of Mexico. Now comes foreign war. France wanted her claims paid—you remember the demand—the refusal—and the war. San Juan de Ulloa bombarded by the French—Vera Cruz besieged, and poor Santa Anna got out of prison just in time to lose a leg. (Laughter and cheers.) Mexico came to terms. France deducted £40,000 from her claim (1839). But Mexico was disgusted; Yucatan and Tabasco resisted. Bustamente fell, and Santa Anna again came to the top. England and France acknowledged Texas and Mexico, forgetting San Jacinto, fought to recover Texas and lost.

TEXAS AND THE MEXICAN WAR.

The Texans petitioned America for admission. We paid her debts, and in due time she repaid us by seceding the moment she had the chance. (Oh, and cheers.) Then the Davis-Slidell-Mason party laid the track which brought the second conquest of Mexico. Slidell (1846) negotiated, plotted, and succeeded. Santa Anna fell. Paradez became President, General Taylor advanced. The battles of Palo Alto—(cheers)—Resaca de la Palma, Matamoras, then Camarzo, and the battles of Monterey, Saltillo, Buena Vista. (Cheers.) While old Scott took San Juan d'Ulloa—(cheers)—fought El Madelene, Cerro Gordo, Punta Nacional, Puebla, Churibusco, Chepultepec, Molina del Rey, where 36,000 Mexicans were defeated by 8,000 Americans—(cheers)—the Gueta de Belin, and then hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the halls of the Montezumas!—(loud cheers)—all done in sixteen months, from 8th May, 1846, to 14th September, 1847. You know the rest. Santa Anna fled. New Mexico and California became American States, under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the United States paying $15,000,000 for the property, in addition to $3,500,000 to liquidate Mexico's debts to American citizens. (Hear.) Mark the contrast between American conquest and European. Having taken their land by fair fight, we presented the Mexicans the conquered country, and loaned them money to pay the debts of their armies. (Hear and "No.") England and France occupy countries, and not only refuse to leave, but make the countries conquered pay their own expenses. (Hear.) Witness the British invasion of China. (Oh, and hear.) The American army went from battle to battle, glory to glory, and when our soldiers left, the Mexicans begged their conquerors to remain, and offerred General Scott the Presidency of the country. (Cheers.) France will have a different reception. (Hear, hear.) Let me continue my digest. Herrara was elected in 1847, with a pocket full of money, which he had paid into the Mexican treasury. General Arista succeeded (1850,) and proved himself a better general under Herrara than President. He fell in 1852, and again Santa Anna was recalled, and ruled in 1853. This was the age of Mexican centralisation again. Press abolished—Jesuits recalled—the order of "Our Lady of Guadalupe" founded, and Santa Anna was called *Most Serene Highness*, and colonels stood behind his chair; but Centralism did not prosper better than Federalism. Then came the filibustering Frenchman Boulbon, at Arizona; and the Buccaneer Walker, at Lower California (1853–54). The Frenchman was shot, and Walker escaped to follow the same fate in Nicaragua. (Hear.) Mexico was again short—America was rich—and $10,000,000 more was given for Mesilla Valley, in order to get a road to the Pacific. Now comes the Indian savage—the Panther of the South, General Alvarez, who drove Santa Anna again from power (Aug. 1855); and the populace rose and smashed his statute in the square. (Hear.) Five Richmonds were now in the field—Alvarez, Comonfort, Carera, Haro y Tamariz, and the half-breed Vidaueri, each representing a part of the country, and fighting for the mastery of the whole. They compromised—Alvarez was President, and Comonfort was his lieutenant. Had the old Indian accepted the American Minister, Mr. Gadsen's, offer of a loan of $30,000,000—it would have been better for Mexico. (Hear and "That's so.") The treaty was rejected—Mexican vanity over-ruled prudence and policy. Now resumes the struggles of rival chiefs for victory—Comonfort seizes church property—commits outrages upon foreigners—Spain threatened war for non-execution of treaties, 1847, 1849, and 1853—Alvarez resigned—Comonfort was elected, September 16, 1857—and the full-blooded Indian Juarez was Vice-President. Zuloaga (Dec. 16) created

insurrection—Comonfort fell—and. Jan. 29, 1858, Zuloaga was President—Miramon succeeded, and civil war was general. The young chief, about Bonaparte's age when at the head of the Grand army of Italy, espoused the church party—robberies took place—murders were common—when the Liberals again came top, and the Indian rules to-day in Mexico. (Hear.) Two new epidemics have come in with the present age—one is the Malady of Nations, the other is called the Malady of Princes. The young Sultan of Turkey, the King of Portugal and another Prince, suddenly die of gastric fever? Doctors say that malaria comes from low lands—kings live in high lands. The next is the malady of nations. The petty kings of Italy know what it means. Unity is the cry. Grand Dukes fly before their revolutionary subjects. Modena, Tuscaney, Parma, and Bomba only take flight a few months in advance of the despotic heads of the German nations—if these tottering monarchies plot to destroy republics. Mexico was the wedge to overthrow America. The plot is exposed—the game is up. England backs out of the dirty job, and Prim was too much the soldier and the gentleman to commit Spain. The whole affair was a job against America not Mexico. America is God's chosen land. The Americans are his chosen people. (Oh.) How, then, if it is not so, do you account for the miracles we have lately performed there? (Hear.) God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. By one stoke of his policy he paralyzes the navies of the world. (Cheers.) Gunboats render fortresses useless, and mortars show how valueless are fleets upon the ocean. (Cheers.) England is completely checkmated. (Oh.) So is France. We have got you over the ropes on this Mexican question—(laughter)—and we shall hold you there.

THE SECRET TREATY.

France and England have made a secret treaty! (No.) France goes to Mexico; if America interferes, England will join; and then America will take one nation in one hand, the other in the other hand, and shake the two bullying powers into respect for republics and American institutions. (Loud cheers.) Let us come to the invasion and trace the why and the wherefore. Take the money out of his pocket, said Old Fagan to Smike, but don't break the law. (Laughter.) England acts upon that maxim when a nation's honor is at stake as a rule—but in this case she does not even mention the law although determined to have the money. (Hear.) When a nation ignores the law the decadence of that nation has commenced. You pretend to be a law-abiding people. If having one lawyer to every five people in the land—(oh)—means law-abiding, then you are what you profess to be. But if law-abiding means honesty to individuals or justice to States you are just the reverse. The aggregation of individuals make the State as the aggregation of small towns makes the city. So the law of the individual through his representatives should be the law of the State—and the law of the State ought to be law of God! (Hear, hear.) England assisted in dictating the law of nations—and it is this—when one State injures another State, the injured State first demands formal reparation. (Hear.) That failing then comes reprisals. That not succeeding, then England calls her Privy Council together, and war is formally declared. (Applause.) Now in this case England has done neither the one nor the other—no formal demands. (Yes.) No reprisals—no declaration of war. (A voice—England has made repeated demands.) I say she has not. It appears that I have examined the blue book closer than you, sir, for I speak with confidence while you are doubtful. (Hear.) Read Robert McCalmont's correspondence between the bankers, the Mexican merchants and Lord John Russell that was published in the *Times'* city article some months ago. The noble secretary distinctly tells them—you make out, gentleman, a good case of bad faith—you have your claim—your debt should be paid—and is not—but that is no justification for the active interference of the Government. (Applause.) You entered on the speculation as a mercantile transaction and have lost. and call upon us to settle it. You have a bad debt and insist upon the Government enforcing payment—and in reply, Messrs. Bankers, I am instructed to say to you that you have brought your complaints to the wrong shop. (Hear, and laughter.) If, as the noble lord stated, there was no justification, then, pray, tell me, sir, what has since occurred to warrant this singular invasion of a friendly power? (Hear, hear.) One gentleman says that the Mexicans misappropriated the customs revenue and murdered peaceful Englishmen! Admit it; but that was done before your Minister wrote that such things do not justify intervention. (Hear.) Those acts, if my memory serves me, were concocted by Miramon and the church party—(applause)—not by Juarez and the Liberal Government. (Hear, and "That's so.") Yet you war with the innocent in order to punish the guilty.

ENGLAND A FILLIBUSTER.

Let me tell you, statemen of Europe, your acts are watched, and your crimes will be held up at the bar of public opinion. (Hear.) When a nation dies, the world's coroner will carefully look into the case and publish his verdict. (Hear.) The time has passed when England can commit acts outside the

pale of Christianity, and call it the march of civilization. (Hear.) The time is passed when England can overrun weak powers, and absorb them in her own dominions (A voice—"She never has.") She never, sir, did anything else. (Laughter.) The invasion of India, China, Affghanistan, and Persia—the seizure of Australia, Gibralter, Malta, Pekin, were as clearly acts of piracy—(oh)—as is the present unholy war for land in New Zealand—the forcible occupation of the Punjaub—the annexing of Burmah—the seizure of Oude, or this last but by no means the least villainous attempt to rob the Mexicans of their birthright and barter away their country to a Catholic Prince. (Cheers.) No, Mr. Speaker, the time has passed when the sea forces and the land forces of a nation can organize themselves into bands of sheriff officers on the high seas or the high lands to collect the debts of individuals. (Loud cheers.) England had little cause—France less—and Spain none at all—for this outrageous burglary. Let us take an observation and see if we can trace this foul plot through the fog of doubt that surrounds it. Little fountains make large streams—large oaks come from little acorns. Stand upon its banks where it pours its turbid waters into the Gulf that washes the Mexican shore as well as our own and yours; and follow the destiny of the great river—beyond where Ferdinand de Soto thought he saw the gold—and walk up its borders for tens of miles, and I will show you great rivers that rush in upon it to swell its current and increase its tide. Go further on, hundreds of miles, and I will point you out the banks and rivulets that flow in from the mountains to keep its volume. Still further northward, thousands of miles, and the streams grow weaker till away up in the mountain you trace the tiny fountain, the source of all the labor. (Cheers.) Here you find away up in the highlands the beginning of the end, and there away down in the sea you find the end of the beginning. (Hear.) Individuals, States, and Hemispheres are similarly composed. The mind precedes organization, and the conception comes before the delivery. The child is born in the thought, and is formed in the brain before it becomes a fact in the body. So is it with the law of nations and the acts of statesmen. (Applause.) Each in itself is selfish. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you is the precept. Do unto yourself as you would not have others do unto themselves is the practice. (Laughter.) Diplomacy possesses a soul of mud and a brain of cobweb. The square peg will get into the round holes, and the round pegs will get into the square holes—(laughter.)—in the battle of life. So long as society continues to be an organized hypocrisy—(oh!)—so long as crime continues to be not in the act itself, but in its disclosure—(oh!)—so long as England interprets civilization to mean everything to the few—nothing to the many—so long will the English people submit to be called THE MOB, and take pride in obeying a Government that not only governs them without their consent, but without pretending even to consult them. (Oh, cheers, and question.) I have said enough to show that the plot was against the national life of the Americans, not the Mexican State. As Poles abhor Russians—Irish sneer at the English—Italians despise Austrians—so Mexicans hate the Spaniards. Hence England and France join hands—they would not have done so had America been free from civil war. (Hear.) Dayton distinctly says to Seward (Sept. 27), the allies are taking advantage of our affairs to press Mexico. Suppress the Rebellion, and have an army ready to march, and they will be less cheeky. (Laughter.) October 16, he says, Schurz at Madrid thinks that Mexico will copy St. Domingo, and ask for a Spanish Prince. Not a word about Maximilian although the crowned heads knew the plan months ago.

THE CONVENTION AND THE QUARREL.

You remember two women and a man, through their Ministers, signed the Convention in London, October 31, 1861. Collect our debts and demand security against future outrages, and indemnity for the past. That was its purport—no word about conquest, occupation, or forcing a monarchy on the people. (Hear, hear.) Thouvenel (November 11) wrote Admiral De la Gravière endorsing the policy. The forces embarked. The Spaniards landed, and occupied Vera Cruz. England was annoyed, France disgusted. Envy and jealousy distracts the councils of robbers in all ages. (oh!) Then came the Orizaba meeting, April 9. France domineered, Prim protested. You break the treaty; you have no right to force a government on the Mexicans against their will. I am deceived. I shall withdraw. And he did. After the treaty of Soledad. Napoleon was his friend. You remember the letters that passed between them. He would not be the tool of the Emperor. France goes on, taking the refugee General Almonte with her, and Maximilian is to have a throne. The Count de Reuss sends to Cuba for transports. The Governor-General refuses to send them. The English embarked for home April 16, and gave General Prim transports for two thousand Spaniards. Earl Russell blundered at Vienna, misled by Rothschild, Baring, and Brown; he blundered again by acknowledging the South as a fact—(No)—and now his great blunder, which will destroy his fame, is this Mexican invasion. (Hear.) He wished to

checkmate the ambitious designs of Spain and France, and, playing too fine, he has checkmated himself. (Hear.) Soldiers dying at Vera Cruz and swollen estimates are not pleasant reminiscences of the Mexican embroglio. Forty years ago the Liberals wept for joy over the Mexican Republic. Now, Liberals inaugurate a monarchy for that same nation! M. Michel Chevalier tries to prove France the protector of the Latin race and the Catholic faith—but it won't do. If so, let her face Garibaldi and support the Pope! Perhaps a frigate waits at Civita Vecchia to take his Serene Highness to Vera Cruz, and the French army is to be his body-guard on the Plaza! Perhaps this is his honorable banishment! Who knows? Perhaps Archbishop Hughes, an American, will be the next Pope of the Roman church? (Hear.)

AUSTRIA, A REFORMER.

When Satan amused the ancient populace by rebuking sin it created some severe comments in the *Court Journal* of those days. (Laughter.) The position was not more absurd than for Austria—shaky, bankrupt, imbecil Austria—to set herself up as a reformer of the land of the Aztecs! (Hear.) Austria—shaky in Politics, imbecile in Diplomacy, and bankrupt in Finance! Austria—where despotism is considered a virtue, insolvency a merit, and defeat worthy of praise! Austria—that land whose capital ran with blood only fourteen years ago, whose rebellious subjects imitated the Mexican insurrectionists, and marched through Vienna in 1848! (Cheers.) Austria—who lost Lombardy last year and will lose Venice this! Austria—whose Hungarian dominions are almost open revolt, where rebellion lurks in the open day, and independence is loomin the distance! Yes—this is the rotten power that proposes to give a stable government to Mexico, in the person of the Grand Duke Maximilian! Who will support his prestige? Will grand dukes be on his staff? Will he take over some of the broken-down Italian princes to form his Court? Will the Emperor send him out in a frigate? Will some Swiss soldiers be hired to make his body guard? France is making a mess of it. Why take Almonte?—was he not banished? Is he not the Slidell—the Davis of the country? Suppose France or England had landed at Charleston and taken Yancey and Mason by way of conciliating Mr. Seward! (Hear.) Or suppose some power had landed on the Irish shore, taking Smith O'Brien, Mitchel or Meagher, on their march to London, by way of reconciling Palmerston and Russel! (applause) or suppose that Russia, Prussia, and Austria had claims against France, and an Austrian, a Prussian and Russian, had been murdered there—and they signed a convention—landed at Cherbourg—quarreled there—and Russia went alone to Paris, taking Lamoricicre, Ledru Rollin, and Louis Blanc, to pacify the Emperor, or perhaps throw in a Bourbon or two in order to make it pleasant! (Hear.) Or still another analogy. Suppose Austria was Mexico, and England and France landed troops at Trieste, and to show their friendly regard to the government of Vienna, they allowed General Turr, and Klapa, and Kossuth to join this friendly expedition! (Cheers.) By changing the scene you see the singular position Napoleon has placed himself in by taking Almonte on his staff, while England embarks with Comonfort and Spain takes Miramon in charge—(cheers)—the very men who committed the outrages being their most intimate friends. (Applause.) Take another argument. The Convention means invasion—the invasion, actual war, without declaration. The object is to collect old debts, and to stop murder. Indeed! If old debts, why not invade Spain—(cheers)—Spain owes individuals, Spanish securities are shut out of all the Bourses to-day; and yet repudiating Spain goes to Mexico as a self-constituted bailiff, to sell the Mexicans out. (Cheers and laughter.) Why not invade Greece or Peru? Do they not owe some back moneys? Again to stop murder. Ah, yes!—well, I would recommend them to invade Ireland, (cheers,) or Manchester? or Ludgate-hill? (Cheers.) Stop murder! why there have been more murders of English subjects committed in these Islands the last few weeks than in Mexico in a dozen revolutions! (Hear.) The cry of murder comes up at every corner! We breakfast on murder! dine on murder! The first thing your paper gives you in the morning is another tragedy! Tragedy, did I say? Yes,—what can be more melo-dramatic than the Taylors all in a row? and the little ones side by side in Ludgate Hill? Or the brutal assasination of peaceful landowners in Ireland? (Hear, and yes.) France has gone to Mexico. Orizaba is seventy miles from the shore. The next station is La Puebla, where we shall hear from the army by the mail due here on Saturday, which left Vera Cruz on the 29th April. Juarez will fight in the mountains. Guerilla warfare is a Mexican patent. France is in a singular position away inland—no reinforcements, yellow fever in the camp, guerillas on all sides—England and Spain hostile—one hundred miles from Mexico! Good gracious, what a position! The French army has been sent there to perish—to be sacrificed in order to allure France to the proper pitch of enthusiasm to send reinforcements. (Cheers.) For to-day the invasion meets with no favor in the army, the navy, or the people. All are against it, all oppose. The *Siecle*, *La Presse*, the *Opinion Nationale*, and half the journals of France. England,

France and Spain signed a contract to do a certain thing. Somebody has broken that agreement. (Hear.) If England is right in returning, France is wrong. If France is right in remaining, England is wrong. (Applause.) Prim lays the blame on France, while the English press are all cheering France on to destruction! Is England trying to get France into a war with America? The way to win your game of chess is not to smash the table. (Hear, hear.) I mentioned that France must have a reverse in Mexico to arouse the French. That is the way Palmerston managed the China affair. Remember the Peiho! How easy after that it was to send out ships and troops, and cannon, and add £10,000,000 to the taxes. (Hear.) Palmerston understands his people. He can elect a Parliament any time on any war, anywhere! unless it should so happen that the people were hungry? Mr. Adams wrote to Mr. Seward, February 14, that *England held the door while her two associates went in to perpetrate the very act which she denounced at the start!* and our minister also intimates that the whole job was got up by the premier and the foreign secretary, without consulting the other members of the Cabinet! (Oh! and order.)

The allies did not want the money. Did not Mr. Corwin offer to pay the bills? Did not Mexico accept the loan? and have not England and France rejected the offer? Mr. Seward says so. (Hear and applause.) What is the inference? Why, it is that the pound of flesh nearest the heart was wanted—not the ducats. Mexico was the flesh—America the heart. But the European Shylock will not be more successful than him of the Rialto! (Hear and interruption.) Some gentlemen remarks that England had retired, and therefore was not responsible. When three muscular Christians combine to go to a church, and two of the burglars quarrel on the threshold over the division of the spoil—(laughter)—and the third goes out and robs the treasury, burns down the church, and shoots the priest—(hear)—do you pretend to tell me that the outside thieves are not equally responsible for the crime that the inside ruffian has perpetrated? (Loud cheers.)

AMERICA'S FOUR CARDINAL VIRTUES.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me observe that America has four points in her political compass—four cardinal ideas—each grand, pregnant, national. The first is Independence—a word that does not appear in the Hebrew Bible or the English Shakespere. The word is American—we fought for it—we won it—we own it. (Hear.) The second is Liberty! No other land can claim its fame. Liberty abroad means despotism. (Oh!) In America it means liberty! (Cheers.) The third is Union. (Cheers.) We planted it—we cultivated it—and the idea is consecrated in the death of treason. (Hear.) The fourth point is an heirloom—a tradition—a fine idea—known to all, and all will fight for it to the death. You anticipate my point—it is the Monroe doctrine. (Cheers.) The President, forty years ago, introduced ten lines into his annual message. Let me recite them:—

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

"The American Continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power; and while existing rights should be respected, the safety and interest of the United States require them to announce that no future colony or dominion shall, with their consent, be planted or established in any part of the North America Continent."

So wrote President Monroe in his Congressional Message, Dec. 1823. Calhoun of Carolina, and Adams of Massachusetts, were the prominent men of his Cabinet. So North and South were both well represented. Senator Cass, representing the great work, endorsed the doctrines in 1853—and Mr. Seward, representing the East, Jan. 26, 1853, made a powerful speech in the Senate on *continental rights* and *relations*. "Sir," said Mr. Seward, "I am willing to declare myself opposed—radically opposed—opposed at all times, *now henceforth and forever*—opposed at the risk of all hazards and consequences, to any design, of any State or States on this Continent." The Seward of that day is the Seward of this. The eloquent Senator is now the great Premier who has confidence in his people, and his people have confidence in him. (Cheers.) I am one of his admirers, and I demand of him as one of that people to drive France out of Mexico. (Oh.) Let the Galena, the Monitor, and fifty gunboats steam to Vera Cruz, and speedily too. France must loose her grip from the throat of Mexico, or Napoleon must die. (Dissent.) Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles I. his Cromwell—and the Emperor of the French does not profit by their example. Naturally jealous of seeing the Bourbon Princes intimate with the President—disgusted at finding them fighting the battle of Liberty with McClellan—under the impression that America was dying, showing how little he knew our people. (Cheers.) He has made a secret treaty with Palmerston that will as surely overthrow both powers, and meet with the contempt it deserves. (Hear.)

Carry out the programme of forcing bankrupt European Kings upon Young Republics in the Western world, and Napoleon may be the last Bonaparte that will ever reign in France—(oh)—and the Prince of

Wales may be the last King of England. (Dissent, hisses, and derisive laughter.) You may hiss—or you may applaud—you can neither bend me nor break me. (Hear.) The debate is on the square—mind against mind—brain against brain. I have given you some facts—some ideas—and conclude by saying to France, take off your soldiers from our Mexican soil, or we will make Mexico the grave of the Third Napoleon! (Loud cheers and applause.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON INTERVENTION! AMERICAN! AND YANKEE PLUCK!

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND AMERICA. LOUD CHEERS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

[*From the London American of May* 21, 1862.]

The terrible distress in Lancashire and some of the other manufacturing distficts of England has given rise to the opinion with some that England and France ought to interfere in the American struggle. This question, like all others which occupy the public attention, is thoroughly discussed by the people at the public discussion halls in London, and as the secession press of England are most industriously instructing the people to encourage intervention, misrepresenting the North, and manufacturing sympathy for the South, it is not surprising that on the question, at one of these public discussions "*Ought England and France to interfere in the American struggle?*" there should be many speakers in the affirmative.

Mr. Train, who replied to those speakers, spoke with his characteristic boldness; it will be observed that he has not scrupled to speak plainly and to the point, regardless of consequences.

It should be born in mind that in all these speeches, made to English audiences, Mr. Train never forces himself upon his audiences, he never rises unless loudly called for, or speaks unless by the desire of those who listen to him. It may appear somewhat singular to us that an English audience will listen to the vigorous thrusts and tremenduous blows that Mr. Train inflicts upon their government and themselves in many of his speeches; but it should be borne in mind that the people themselves admire genuine pluck, and Mr. Train's unconquerable energy and perseverance, his democratic opinions, and his many successful and profitable labors for English charities and the English people, have won their esteem and rendered him a popular man.

At a recent public discussion on the "intervention" question, Mr. Train made the following vigorous and characteristic speech:

Ought England and France interfere in the American war? Of course not—why should they? What right have they to interfere? Let England and France mind their own affairs, and leave America to settle her own disputes. (Hear.) The precedents mentioned by two speakers where England intervened in the South American Republics bear no analogy to this case. It is positively insulting to mention the three closer powers of Paraguay, Venezuela, on Central America, with the more or less United States of America! And why did England interfere even there? Because they were weak and she was strong. (Oh, and hear.) Belgium and Greece were better precedents—but those powers were also too feeble to resist. You say France intervened in the Revolution. Even so—but there is a wide field between the Revolution of the colonies against England and the Conspiracy in Secessia against the country. (A voice: where is the difference?) Simply, one people revolted on the issue *that taxation without representation was robbery!*—(hear, hear,)—while the others conspired against the very laws the Southerners made themselves. (Applause.) Possessing more than an equal representation, they went in for more by robbery, ignoring taxation altogether. Such men as Lafayette, and De Grasse, and Rochambeau, are again well represented in another age—by the Count of Paris, the Duke of Chartres and General Havelock, and a dozen great names who are fighting the cause of freedom. (Cheers.) Intervene say you—but hands off, say I! Europe says to America, stop fighting! America says to Europe, mind your own business. (Laughter.) Europe says to America, when rogues fall out, honest men reap their reward. (Hear.) America says to Europe, when honest men fall out, rogues stand ready to pick up the spoil! (Laughter and applause.) The diplomatic wolves have been howling

for months, but the nation is not quite dead. The European vultures will have no opportunity of satiating their appetites on the carcase of a dead Republic! Look on if you like, and commend or censure, no matter which; but keep on your own side the fence. We seek not your friendship—we fear not your enmity. Enemies never betray you—the ambush—the betrayal comes from your friend. England bullies weak nations but toadies to strong ones. (Oh!) The honorable speaker makes a fearful admission when he says that England has put up with insult for more than fifty years, instancing the Maine boundary—the Oregon question—the San Juan difficulty—and the overhauling of ships in the Gulf. (Hear.) So much the worse for England's bravery—if these were insults, which they were not, and as England is ever ready to attack weak powers, it follows that England was afraid of us. (Oh! and derisive laughter.) You may sneer, sir, but England never acts but from motives of interest or fear. (Hear.) An opium war in China, or a Fillibustering Expedition to Mexico, a fight with the Affghans, or an attack upon the Indians of the Southern ocean, just suits the taste of your people. (Oh! and dissent.) Give us money, give us land, give us trade, or judgment is ours, and we will repay, saith this Christian nation. (Laughter.) When you wanted money last century your war policy was comprised in a sentence:—*Squeeze the old Begums of Oude.* (Laughter.) Read the impeachment of Warren Hastings, which Burke prepared for Sheridan to deliver to the House of Lords. Your policy this century has been—when you wanted to distract attention from European complications, you overhauled an American ship, and then apologized—(Oh!)—always ready to strike a small man, but careful not to hit a man of your own calibre. (Oh! and hear.) Intervention in our affairs means war to the knife—war to the cannon's mouth. (Hear.)

Oh! though perennial be the strife,
For honor dear, for hearthstone fire;
Give blow for blow! take life for life!
Strike till the last armed foe expire! (Applause.)

You complain of our being so long in putting down the revolution. You landed in the Crimea in September, 1854, and did not enter Sebastopol till September, 1855. (Hear.) We have been some time; but you forget that we have been fighting our own people — Americans against Americans. Had we been pitted against Englishmen or Frenchmen, as we should be in case either dare to interfere—(oh!)—we would have arranged the matter in half the time. (Ironical laughter, followed by loud cheers. An English audience will always cheer a plucky thing, even though it tells against them.) Invade us, proud kingdom, if you dare, and we will

Make every house, and rock and tree,
And hill, our forts; and fen and flood!
Yield not! our soil shall rather be
One waste of flame, one sea of blood!
Fear not your steel, nor fear your gold—
Nor English force, nor English fraud,
Trust not your race—as false as cold—
Whose very prayers are lies to God!

(Hisses and applause.) Domestic war may bring foreign discord; but foreign war would bring domestic happines. *Solomon was wise when he detected the false mother by ordering the child to be cut in two!* There was music in the war songs of our revolutionary sires:—

States of the West! my own fair land!
Our foe has come—the hour is nigh;
His bale-fires rise on every hand—
Rise as one man to do or die!
From mountain, vale, and prairie wide,
From forest vast, and field and glen,
And crowded city, pour thy tide,
Oh, fervid band! of patriot men. (Applause.)
Up, old and young! the weak be strong!
Rise for the right—hurl back the wrong,
And foot to foot, and brand to brand,
Strike for our own dear native land! (Cheers)

Interference! who ever heard of an author introducing a stately figure in the last scene of the last act of a great drama. (Hear, hear.) Think of trotting *Macbeth* out for the first time just before the fall of the curtain. (Laughter and cheers.) The price of truth is slander—the price of falsehood is praise—nevertheless, truth is God's law—while falsehood is the devil's counsel. (Applause.) Give me sneers and let me be honest—or give me cheers and make me a traitor. England applauds Secession—and hisses Unity and patriotism—not because she loves the South more—but the North less. (Hear.) My words may annoy you—but my points I will force you to admit. (Will you?) How absurd for the learned speaker to say that America is always insulting England. If it is true why not resent it—when the gauntlet is thrown down why don't you take it up? No! Mr. Chairman, the fault of our people is they think too much of England—else they would not feel so sensitive at your most unmanly, ungenerous, unnatural conduct. (Hear.) America hate you!—you are misinformed. It is the elder who envies the young nation. The father in England is jealous of the son who is growing up to overshadow him—no more prominent trait crops out of English character. The First George hated the Second—the Second disliked the Third—and the Third George was always at war with the Fourth—Pitt and the King were always plotting against Fox and the Regent. (Hear.) Royalty gives the fashion, nobles copy, and hate their first-born sons. The landed gentry follow, and dislike theirs, and the middle classes, under the barbarous old feudal laws of primogeniture, imitate all the vices of the aristocracy without copying any of their virtues. (Oh, and applause.) Hence the envy and jealousy of the father towards the son

who will supersede him in the entail. This is the evil of primogeniture—(cheers)—such is England. The aristocracy rule. The middle classes assent, and the people are called a mob! (Hear, and "that's so.") This diversion I have made to prove that the son bears the father no ill-will—while the contrary is proverbial! Individuals are too much like States, not to apply the simile to nations. England, the father, is jealous of America, the first-born. But the child bears no enmity against the parent. (Cheers.) No! America neither fears you nor hates you. Her annoyance at your strange treatment arises from affection, not revenge. (Cheers.) Besides, victors bear no malice against the vanquished. (Oh!) It is the punished who brood revenge, not the punisher. America has always been the victor. England was defeated on both occasions. (Hear and "No.") Therefore it is England who broods over the disgrace—not America, a country that was never conquered. (Oh, and cheers.) Intervention in American affairs! with whom? The North or South? Not the South, for Yancey says it is impossible. Besides it would be declaring war against the United States. (Cheers.) Not the North—for America is not so low as to choose an arbitrator in the hour of victory. (Cheers.) Would Havelock have allowed Prussia to have intervened as he was going into Lucknow? (No.) Would France have allowed America to intervene in favor of Austria for Solferino? (No.) Would England have allowed intervention in the Crimea as she was walking through the Redan and Malakoff into Sebastopol? (Cheers.) Not a mite of it. Let Napoleon do so wild a thing as to dare interfere in our affairs, and you may purchase his crown for a shilling. (Oh, and applause.) Let England desecrate our soil by invasion or intervention, and even the crown jewels of those islands may as well be offered to the highest bidder. (Hear and "Question.") The gentleman says, "Question"—the simple fact of his interruption shows how closely I sail to the subject under debate. (Applause.) England may not be accustomed to this kind of talk; but it is high time she understood that America ceased to be a chicken—(laughter)—when she smashed up all the European navies by that little naval sea fight at Fortress Monroe. (Cheers.) Which the *Times in its geographical wisdom locates at the mouth of the Potomac.* (Laughter.) Do you suppose that the American President would have allowed the French Minister to have gone to Richmond without the sanction of the administration? (Hear, hear.) The least thought would explain to you that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward planned the whole affair, and in acknowledgment for the services rendered by France, the President pays the Emperor the high compliment of going on board the French frigate at Washington—(applause)—the first time it was ever done by any President. The Minister most likely went down to tell Davis that the Emperor was ashamed of his acquaintance. (Laughter.) Why is it, gentlemen, you see nothing in America to commend? Why do you look so disheartened at the announcement of the fall of New Orleans? Does it remind you of the picture of General Jackson? Why is it that you continually do cry—(laughter)—that the next mail will bring another Bull Run? I will tell you, gentlemen, it is because the Wish is Thought's Father. (No, no; and hear, hear.) Federal victories make you miserable. Hence you pray every night for Federal reverses. (No, no; and that's so.) Everything against us delights you. Everything in our favor you disclaim. You would illuminate all London, if you dared to, if McClellan was defeated at Yorktown. (Oh! and a hiss.) No wonder you object to my mentioning Yorktown. It certainly has some unpleasant memories to Englishmen. (Question.) McClellan has been before the town about the same time that Washington was in another century—and the traitor Davis will, most likely, not wait so long to give up his sword as Lord Cornwallis did on a similar occasion. (Hear, hear; and applause.) Our army is full of Washingtons, and Kosciuskos and Layfayettes. Faraday saw the thunderstorm in a dish of water. Watts saw the power of steam, as the kettle sung its song of triumph over the firewood. So the true Union man felt in his bones the destiny God has ordained for his chosen people. (Applause.) Ich Dien was his war cry as well as that of the Prince of Wales. The almighty Dollar has furnished you with many a sneer. The almighty Cotton has also stimulated your sarcasms, but in future we intend to make you respect the almighty Union! (Cheers.) The reserve power of America is terrible! Every soldier is a voltaic battery, every officer a steam engine in breeches—(laughter)—for the future to be of American manufacture. (Hear, hear.) Our revolution is a war of ideas—a war of freedom—a war for oppressed mankind. (Applause.) There is more brains in Northern hands than Southern heads—that is why we take the belt. (Hear.) Remember that only a year has passed since England made that fearful error of siding with rebellion. We shall never forget—nor will you!

Remember we that awful morn? along the lines then came
The flash from Sumter's guns that set our northern sky aflame.
Nor less was ours the thrilling thought from lip to lip that ran,
Than theirs at Belgium's festival when Waterloo began!
(Cheers.)
Adown Virginia's valleys and along her mountain ways,
The light of loyal bayonets shall gleam like fields of maize.
Beyond her fair Potomac, and where James's current runs,
The tide of loyal armies bears down her treacherous sons;
(Loud cheers.)

Even Wellington and Bonaparte begin to pale with their one-barrel artillery campaigns when compared with our revolving arms. (Laughter and cheers.) England's idea of liberty is freedom for England and slavery for all mankind. (Hear, and dissent.) I mean providing it pays. (Laughter.) Otherwise—then slavery for England and freedom for all the world. (Oh, and hear.) It is only a question of money. India gave mankind Conscience—Greece added Reason—Rome, Will—but America, possessing conscience, reason, and will, took out a patent for Energy and Truth. (Hear, and laughter.) When England engaged a passage on the Secession Pirate, she accidentally got into the wrong boat—(laughter)—and posterity will refuse to pay back the passage money. (Laughter.) If you have the least spark of honesty about slavery, why don't you praise our people for abolishing it in the District of Columbia? Why do you not get up and cheer for Mr. Seward for making a treaty with Lord Lyons to put down the slave trade. (Hear.) Have we not given up another point, the right of search? Owing to our wonderful activity, England will find that our people will overhaul the most ships—(laughter)—and by that means no doubt prove that the slave trade is mostly carried on by English ships and English capital, armed by some of the leading disciples of Exeter Hall. (Cries of oh, and that is most unfair.)

Could every man's internal care be written on his brow,
How many would our pity share, that raise our envy now!

The simile is most applicable to some Christian nations. (Laughter.) What a howl would have passed through England had the Northern army been guilty of the brutal attrocities perpetrated by the rebels at Manassas and elsewhere? (Shame.) Using the skulls of our brave officers for spittoons, boiling off their flesh to get their ribs for castinets — (shame) — and sending tokens made from the bones of our brave men to the fiends in the shape of women, who seem to have acted like so many tigresses during this terrible civil war. (Shame.) *May God have mercy on their souls!* Yes—

Perish ye traitors and knaves,
Ye changers of men into slaves,
Ye rebels, so craven and base.
Where now is your boasted reliance?
And where are your looks of defiance?
Mid clouds of defeat and disgrace!

These men and women are quite worthy of your sympathy. (Oh! and a voice: We never sympathized with them.) But, hurrah! for the men of the North, hurrah! You have not the inclination to appreciate our army of noble women and brave men, but I say—

God bless the Union army,
And the flag by which it stands;
May it preserve with Freeman's nerve
What Freeman's God demands! (Cheers.)
Peal out, ye bells, ye women pray,
For never yet went forth
So grand a band, for Law and Land,
As the muster of the North.

(Loud and continued cheering.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON THE AMERICAN NAVY! THE MONITOR! STATESMEN! BANKRUPTCY! INSOLVENCY! AND TAXATION!

[*From the London American of April* 2, 1862.]

ANOTHER BROADSIDE FROM MR. TRAIN.

It would be rather difficult to realize how completely the Secession sentiment has given way in this country, since the recent Northern victories, to Federal sympathy. The press took the cue from Lord John Russell and the Parliamentary debates, and the people are not long in following their leaders. Yet, notwithstanding this sudden change in favor of the Union, the old feeling crops out now and then; as was shown at the "Cogers" on Saturday evening, when Mr. Train brought his batteries again into action in defence, the opening speaker saying that America was bankrupt, and had no statesman equal to the present emergency, the principal attack being against the tax bill of Congress. The audience seemed unanimous in calling up Mr. Train to respond to the charge.

NO STATESMEN IN AMERICA!

MR. TRAIN: I will answer your cheers, Mr. Grand and gentlemen, by brevity in reply. Some poet says, we take no notes on time but for a loss. (Laughter.) Young, I think, was the party who said that man at thirty thinks himself a fool, knows it at forty, and at fifty chides his infamous delay; but to-night we have had a gentleman past sixty stand face to face with acknowledged facts, ridiculing our institutions, sneering at our statesmen, and misrepresenting the object of our civil war. (No, and hear.) He says there is no honesty, no intelligence, no en-

ergy, no virtue in our statesmen. Oh! that we could have his superior wisdom to guide our ship of state through the secession reefs! I rise to apologize for his speech, (Oh! and laughter,) or rather to explain to you his meaning. Of course he could not have meant the Federal administration, where energy, honesty, action, has shaken even conservative Europe into respect. (Hear, hear.) His remarks apply solely to Floyd, the THIEF! Pillow, the COWARD! Beauregard, the EVACUATOR! Cobb, the ROBBER! Davis, the TRAITOR! Wise, the LIAR! Toombs, the PIRATE! and Breckenridge, the DRUNKARD! (Loud cheers, laughter, and applause.) The honorable speaker's comments were intended for this nice little party of villains, who the thieves, burglars, and scamps of New York were ashamed of, and petitioned the Chief of Police to remove their photographs from the "Rogues' Gallery." (Laughter and cheers.) So you see, gentlemen, that there is some honor left even in the profession. Again, he said—America is going down with a velocity pitiful to witness. Once more I act as interpreter. He means the great Northern army is about pouring down over the tobacco plantations and the cotton fields, to sweep away the remnants of treason into the Gulf of Mexico. (Applause.) He is fresh from reading McClellan's proclamation to the Army of the Constitution. (Hear, hear.) The words, "rapid and long marches," "heroic exertion," "great privation," "death-blow to rebellion," are in his mind. (Hear, hear.) God smiles upon us. Victory attends us. These stirring thoughts inspire him to say that the Republic is going down out of the sight of nations, when he meant to say that the Army of the Potomac is already in Richmond. (Cheers.) Who would ever have thought that England would have gone into ecstacies in describing the masterly retreat of the Army of Manassas!—retreat in this instance signifies weakness, cowardice, ignominy, disgrace; while skill, judgment, prudence, and bravery are words to apply to the Russian army crossing to the north side of Sebastopol in a single night. (Hear, hear.) Do you know that sixty-five gun and mortar-boats are within cannon-shot of New Orleans? The poisoning of wells, the infernal machines recently discovered about the fortifications of Columbus, the destruction of crops, and the setting fire to peaceful commercial cities are acts of barbarism equal to any of the brightest pages of English history. (Oh! order, and interruption.) Gentlemen, I allude to the employment of Indians to bring the scalps of Americans to the English Treasury at so much apiece during the Revolution, to the ruthless destruction to the archives of the nation, the patents, and the valuable library at Washington in the last war; the burning of the Danish fleet; the use of Sepoy commissioners, in the absence of other wadding, for Punjaub cannon; and the more recent barbarian destruction of documents four thousand years of age, curious, countless in value, presents from European princes in former ages that can never be replaced, together with all the rich works of art of the Mantchou dynasty by the uncalled-for, unmanly, and ungenerous burning of the Emperor's summer palace at Pekin! (Hear, hear, and interruption; order! the chairman remarking that every speaker had the right of expressing his free opinions.) But, Mr. Grand and gentlemen, I will leave that portion of the American question to the incoming mails, which will astonish you during the next few weeks with Federal victories, as much as you have been startled by our past successes, (applause,) and take up another subject—a subject that has already opened the eyes of the *Times* and the Admiralty. I speak of

THE LATE NAVAL BULL-FIGHT!

The Merrimac.—Five years ago I was invited by the Mayor of Southampton to meet the officers of a five thousand ton American frigate that had just arrived in the bay. (Hear, hear.) The *Times* gave accurate descriptions of this fine specimen of American naval architecture, and the Emperor of Russia ordered Webb to build the General Admiral, as a model for his navy. You know the history of the Merrimac—how she was sunk at Norfolk, burnt nearly to the water's edge; armor-plated, iron-prowed, and created into a huge war-machine upon the ideas which Buchanan, the commander of the Washington navy-yard gathered from the unfinished Stevens' battery. (Hear, hear.) So still has been the movement, we had almost forgotten that such a ship existed; when, presto! James River is alive again; the Cumberland fires a broadside only to receive a fatal thrust from her iron antagonist, who, like Spanish matador with Spanish bull, withdraws a little, fires another broadside, headlong plunges into the Cumberland, who bravely refused to strike her flag, and two hundred valiant men are with the fishes at the bottom of the sea! Like the soldiers who presented arms when the Birkenhead went down in Algoa bay—(cheers)—the men of the Cumberland sunk to rise no more in this world. (Hear, hear.) Another broadside from the iron monster, and the Congress struck, for blood was too deep upon her decks to fight, (applause;) it was not war—it was murder! Still another broadside, and the Minnesota, Roanoke, and St. Lawrence would have shared the same unhappy fate, when, lo! a strange turtle-shaped craft startles the Merrimac's captain, compelling him to let go his expected prize, and stand to arms. (Hear, hear.) They

fought for five hours like two wild boars; now battery to battery—now hand to hand; but the little war-god gained the victory—Heenan broke the arm of Sayers—(cheers, and laughter)—and the Merrimac returned to stop her bleeding wounds. (Hear, hear.) Now I come to the important part of my remarks:

ENGLAND IS NO LONGER MISTRESS OF THE SEAS —THE MONITOR.

(Oh! order.) The Merrimac has proved herself not a safe vessel to lay around loose. (Laughter.) Suppose the Monitor had have been forty-eight hours sooner, she would have been in Washington! forty-eight hours later the Merrimac might have been there instead. (Applause.) Give her coals and munitions of war, what prevented her from running down the coasts, and smashing up our fleets? Who wonders that New York was frightened? No doubt we would have found means to have stopped her progress, but not before some magazine of mischief had exploded. Here is my point: the Warrior will destroy any half-dozen wooden men-of-war afloat, (cheers;) and in thirty minutes the Merrimac would destroy the Warrior, (dissent, and Oh!) hence the Merrimac alone would destroy the British navy; while the Monitor gave the Merrimac one crack between the eyes, and sent her back to her corner. (Cheers.) I saw the Warrior was a failure when I found that she could only go into Portsmouth for coals fifteen days in the month. The Orlandos, the Emeralds, and the Warriors are all too deep for any port in American waters! (Cheers.) No greater event has happened this last three hundred years. The locomotive was destructive to the stage coaches; telegraph made havoc of the letter-bags; revolver proved itself a full-blooded colt among horse pistols. As the Enfield rifle laughed at the old brown Bess. and the flint-lock smooth-bores of the early wars, so the Monitor in naval warfare is what Mr. Peabody is in charity. (Loud cheers) You had better tell Laird to stop the Defiance at Birkenhead, and Bell to stop vast-heaving on the other iron-clad battery. Telegraph to Portsmouth to discharge the workmen on the fortifications, and order the Admiralty to turn your entire navy into cotton ships, coal ships, and lumbermen; for half-a dozen Monitors would destroy as many empires. (Cheers, and dissent.) Some gentleman doubts it, but her recent action convinces me that the Monitor having proved herself a better seaboat in the terrible gale on the 7th than the Warrior did in the Bay of Biscay, could steam across the ocean, and place Liverpool under tribute; knock down your fortifications at Spithead; destroy your fleet at Portsmouth; steam up the Thames, (for you know how opposed England is to sinking vessels in the river;) (laughter and cheers;) and place London at her mercy, with her turret revolvers pointed at the Houses of Parliament, while Lord Palmerston was discussing the propriety of spending twelve millions sterling on the fortifications of England. (Hear, and applause.) The Monitor had two guns—the Merrimac ten; the Monitor had fifty men—the Merrimac five hundred; the Monitor is not twelve hundred tons burthen; the Warrior five thousand; the Monitor draws but eight feet—the Warrior twenty-eight; the Monitor cost fifty thousand pounds—the Warrior five hundred thousand. The keel of the Monitor was laid in the middle of October; she was launched in the middle of January; and before the middle of March demonstrated a principle that has rendered valueless a hundred navies and a thousand line-of-battle ships. The Warrior was two years in building. The wooden walls of England are buried with Campbell, who in poetry made their name immortal, (cheers;) and Tennyson, I trust, is already at work on the iron sides of England; for Britannia does need bulwarks, since the Monitor has rendered unsafe her march upon the deep. The Monitor has introduced a new epoch in naval history: already the French Minister has received the plans from our Secretary of War; already the Russian legation have got the models; and Lord Lyons has already sent Lord John Russell plans for the Admiralty. You see that America is generous. We will not only send you the plans, but the men to make the steamers, as we did to make the Enfield rifles. (Laughter and cheers.) Who wonders at the astonishment of the *Times!* How anxious Napoleon must be to get to work! for the Monitor could steer into Cherbourg, and sink the navy of France. For cannon balls rattle off her bomb-proof deck like minnies on the side of a rhinoceros, or buck shot off the corrugated back of an alligator. The first naval power of to-day is America. (Oh! cheers, and laughter.) Our navy consists of the Monitor; but we have voted five millions sterling to build a hundred more during the next six months, some of which are to go, like the Stevens' battery, *fifteen* miles an hour, and to throw Rodman shot, some one writes to Laird, weighing half a ton. (Hear and cheers.) Do you know why you cannot fire over a hundred pound shot without bursting your Whitworths and your Armstrongs? Let me tell you a secret, as you know I bear England the best of good will. (Hear, hear.) It is because you have not learned the art of gunpowder; you have been spending your time on shot and shell, and cannon, and iron plates; but you still use the old-fashioned small-grained powder, which has made the Armstrong gun a failure; (by-the-by, as your government has the monopoly of that

gun, will some of you be kind enough to tell me where the Merrimac got her two Armstrongs from?) (Hear, hear.) Yes! you are not awake to the use of powder. When Dupont was here buying up the saltpetre, he seemed astonished at seeing large guns still loaded with small-grained powder. Your War Department should know that during this war all our large guns were loaded with a kind of gunpowder an inch cube in size, which gives new power to the projectile—a fact which your Admiralty should have made use of long before this. (Hear, hear.) This is the age of Monitors and gunpowder!—have you not noticed Nelson's animated appearance since the recent naval battle?—oblige me by standing a minute on the steps of the Hotel du Morley, and contemplate his manly attitude both in peace and war.—(Laughter and cheers.) How surprised old Napier would have been could he have had one of the reserved seats at the late trial of armor-clad battle ships! Why, the Monitor could have steamed through his fleet in the Baltic, sinking his men-of-war right and left, as the Merrimac did the Cumberland and the Congress, steamed into Cronstadt, sunk the Russian squadron, sailed up the Neva, and asked the Emperor in his winter palace for a small tribute—if he preferred it to the destruction of his capital. Nay, more: the Monitor might have paid her respects to Dundas in the Black Sea, and swept away the Agamemnons and Napoleons the Third of the allied fleet like so many wooden houses, run into Sebastopol, sunk the Twelve Apostles, smashed Fort Constantine, and made Menschikoff on bended knees beg for the safety of Sebastopol! (Cheers.) Of such, gentlemen, is the Monitor. You must wipe off the old score, and commence anew. You have no navy now. Suppose both of us go to building Monitors, so that in 1863 we can start off on a piratical, filibustering expedition over the world together, instead of your going alone, as formerly. (Laughter, and cheers.)

BANKRUPTCY—INSOLVENCY—TAXATION.

I wanted to say a word upon the severe attack the gentleman made upon our taxation and expectant bankruptcy, but I fear that the morning hour is too near at hand. (Cries of go on; you have five minutes more, from the Chairman.) Your words, sir, were harsh upon America, and come with bad grace from a subject of the most tax-burdened nation of the world. (Oh, and hear, hear.) When a man has realized a fortune in the sale of intoxicating liquors, how singular it seems to have him come out as a first-class temperance lecturer! When a burglar sets your house on fire, it requires some cheek for him to run up the street singing out, Stop thief! You can imagine my surprise when Lola Montez, who had led the gayest life of any woman in the century, told me in Australia that she was about returning to the United States and England, to deliver a course of lectures on virtue and morality—(laughter)—on the Christian principle that one sinner who repenteth, and so-forth; of course, I applauded, as you do now. (Hear, and laughter.) These sudden changes are always surprising, but not so much so as to see England, who had built up her fortune on the slave trade, and the product of slave labor, coolly lecturing America about the terrible sin she had entailed upon her. All these things I can stand—(hear, hear) but Herod is out-Heroded when England acts the Monitor as a taxation lecturer. (Laughter and applause.) Certainly no other country has ever so manfully staggered under such terrible pressure. In all good nature, will you allow me to sketch your position? (Hear, hear, yes, and go on.) Then I will say that the honorable speaker is taxed on every thing he wears, from head to foot; on his American tobacco and Chinese tea; on his Belgian chicory and West India sugar; his French wines and his Spanish brandies; every thing in this hall to-night—pictures on the walls, the gas-lights, and even the salaries of waiters bear the marks of taxation! the rich and the poor, the merchant and the mechanic, the peer and peasant, all know the merits or demerits of taxation. Perhaps, as I am on the subject, you prefer your own critic to tell you who it reaches: Your love of war, wrote the witty Dean, not many years before he died, has brought you taxes on every thing on the earth, and the waters under the earth, taxes upon all that comes from abroad, and every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes upon light, and heat and air; taxes upon the spice that pampers the rich man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; taxes upon the rich ermine of the judge, and the rope that hangs the criminal; taxes upon the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride—(loud cheers! Mr. Train, however, continuing his apostrophe, and not noticing the interruption;) the school-boy whips his taxed top; the college-student drives his taxed horse with a taxed bridle over a taxed road; and the dying Englishman pours his medicine, which is taxed fifteen per cent., into the spoon which is taxed twenty-two per cent., to fall back and die in the arms of his apothecary, who has paid a hundred pounds for the license of putting him to death.—(Cheers and laughter.)—He is then taken in a taxed hearse by taxed mourners to a taxed grave, where his virtues are portrayed by a taxed brush on a taxed marble, when he is gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more! (Loud cheers. The audience seemed to take it all in perfect good nature.) England is the last nation to lecture America on tax-

ation. I have always denied your right of the monopoly of all the taxes of the world! (Laughter.) America is great in nature as she is in art, and has the genius to organize a system of taxation that will make you ashamed of yourselves. (Loud laughter.) I remember two pictures in *Punch* that so amused me at the time that I could have squeezed that (Mark) Lemon in pure delight. (Laughter.) One was Jonathan on one shore talking to John Bull on the other; a beautiful little clipper (representing the yacht America) sailing round and round a wash-tub in the foreground—(laughter)—Jonathan modestly opening the conversation by saying to John, We'll teach you how to make a man-of-war—(laughter)—one of these days—the comic artist must have had the Monitor in his eye! (Applause.) The other picture demonstrated England's power of bearing taxation; it was during the Crimean war; an acrobat (John Bull) of huge proportions appears with a pyramid of cannon balls on his head, arms extended, with an immense weight in each hand, marked "national debt, four hundred million pounds sterling," a huge mill-stone on his chest, (income tax,) while in the corner was a bag representing the sixteen million pounds loan. (Hear, hear.) Punch observes underneath, "*Notwithstanding the immense weight which he is now carrying, he can take the bag between his teeth, and walk round the room.* (Loud cheers, and laughter.) Now, Mr. Grand, if the gentlemen will promise not to say any thing more about taxation in Americe, I will henceforth drop the subject in England. (Laughter, and good.) In conclusion, let me say that the logic of events, the logic of drilled armies, and the logic of Monitors, is working out a new destiny for our Western civilization. Glance, if you will, through Nineverian, Babylonian, and Assyrian story, all settling down to represent Industry in Egypt; pass on the tidal wave of time, through Persian, Carthagenian, and Grecian page, and you will find Rome introduced the moral power of Law; a thousand years and more passed by, and France gives you Art; another era of centuries, and a combination of Romans, Danes, Saxons, Normans, give birth to the science of Commerce in your proud and noble Englishmen. (Cheers.) When Providence, in his march of Empire, selected our western world to combine the whole record, Industry, Law, Art, Commerce, in order to represent in its sublimity the great idea of nature—*Progress.* (Cheers.) The transactions of the past twelve months have led some distinguished philosophers to come to the conclusion that Humanity was a puling babe in *Asia*, a school-boy in *Europe*, and has gone to *America* to pass its manhood! (Cheers and applause.)

Mr. Train was congratulated by several of his opponents, for, however sharp he may be in his thrusts when under the fire of debate, he generally manages to keep on the right side of his audiences.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, A CONVICTED FELON.

HIS ABLE DEFENCE BEFORE THE MASSES.

[*From the London American of April* 9, 1862.]

A remarkable result of a remarkable trial will be found in our column's to-day. Mr. Train is the criminal, having committed an unprovoked assault on the Queen's highway. British justice is avenged. The American was *condemned*, the Englishmen were *cleared.* The most wonderful part, however, was the finding a man guilty purely on *ex parte* evidence Not one of Mr. Train's witnesses were called. Some forty had been got together at great expense. Nor was it decided that he had the right of appeal. The *animus* of some of the witnesses was clearly shown to arise from the political feeling created by Mr. Train's steadfast position on the American question and the Trent affair. Mr. Ward, the tradesman, who testified to numerous accidents, admitted that he had placarded in his window articles against Mr. Train on his letter to the New York *Herald.* Mr. Train seems to be already ventilating the question in the Discussion Halls. The same night he spoke at the "Forum," and the "Cogers," where the numerous audiences unanimously decided in favor of Mr. Train and his Tramways. The speakers all pointed one way—"Whatever may be the decision in the Court of Justice, the people are with you, the best evidence of which are the cheers with which you have been received to-night." Mr. Train, in rising amid loud applause, thanked the audience for permitting him to deliver the speech in his defence that was refused him in the court.

STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

MR. TRAIN.—You will give me credit, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, of never having intruded upon you any personal matters of my failures or my successes. A paper has been handed me showing me the points of discussion of this evening under the events of the week, but as I am just from the Court House, perhaps you will allow me to speak upon an event, which may not only prove fatal to foreigners, but actually aims a blow at the right of the subject, and if individuals can be indicted for the act of an incorporated body, would prove destructive to the grand liberties of vestries and corporations. My case is briefly stated. I am too well known as the sole patentee, promoter, and introducer of tramways into Europe, to require a preface to my remarks. And I have received too much courtesy in this hall, not to know that you will accept whatever I have to say, without imputing to me motives with which I am not actuated. I came, I saw, I conquered. Birkenhead, London, and Potteries, and Darlington, all admitted—that provincial roads have passed the ordeal of prejudice, and the omnibus proprietor of Birkenhead has just leased that line for five years, at a large percentage on its cost; but under the decision of to-day, these lines may be ordered up—for the law as laid down at Kingston, would apply to one as well as the other.

COURSE PURSUED BY INVENTORS IN ENGLAND.

When inventors and introducers of new ideas reach a foreign country, they naturally seek those most interested to adopt the scheme. MCCORMICK with his reaping machine saw the agriculturalists. HOBBS with his locks saw the manufacturers. COLT presented his pistol to the War Department. The yatch *America* reported herself to the Yatch Club. CREAMER with his safety-brake and BEARD with his patent truck saw the railway men. HOE took his printing press to the *Times*. LEE shows his steam fire engine to the insurance companies. THOMPSON astonishes the boat-builders with his new inventions. The *Monitor* respectfully presents her plans to the Admiralty. In these inventions America was simply paying England a little interest on the great capital of Energy, Industry, Invention, and the Genius of Machinery she has been borrowing during the last half century. Each inventor, I say, seeks the head-quarters of his invention, in order to get authority to act.

PLANS PRESENTED TO LAMBETH VESTRY.

I presented my plans to the Corporations believing that any public body incorporated under the Act of Parliament, who was permitted to give a trial of my scheme, would save me harmless from *criminal* prosecution. The Lambeth Vestry was duly incorporated by Parliamentary Act. I sent them my application. They asked for models. I showed them, giving explanations. They asked for a proposition. I made it. It was accepted. They wanted guarantees. I gave them. The bond was signed. The agreement sealed. The road promptly laid down under the eye of their surveyor. The vestry was satisfied; and *six hundred thousand passengers* since August, have used the four cars in testimony of my perfect success in introducing a carriage for the people.

OPPOSED TO LEGAL RESEARCH.

Now, having done all that a man could do to comply with the law, was it to be expected that I should ransack the musty records of the past since ALFRED'S day, wading through Habeas Corpus, Magna Charta, and the complicated machinery of the British Constitution—a copy of which I have never yet been able to purchase of any bookseller, although for one shilling the American Constitution can be found in any bookstore. (Mr. HANLEY occasioned much laughter by saying that that was all it was worth.) Mr. TRAIN—Yes! under the ungodly rain of "Secessia," you are right—but under the new *regime* of honor and of "Union," its value is priceless to foreigners, to whom it will be presented in the novel shape of "*Monitors*." I say, continued Mr. TRAIN, was it to be expected that I should pore over the records of the past, since the laws of Medes and Persians, to ascertain if there had been sufficient power given to Parliament to pass an act authorizing vestries to treat with me on their own affairs?

ENGLISH GRAND JURY SYSTEM.

I come now to the case. Can individual members of a vestry be held responsible for the act of the majority? Decidedly not! Such a law would destroy every corporation in the empire, for what individual would become a member of the vestry at the personal risk of time, money, and, in default, imprisonment? Take Lambeth—Messrs. HENTON and TAYLOR, connected with the "London General Omnibus Company," go to Kingston, and swear that twelve of their brother vestrymen have conspired with Mr. TRAIN against the lives of the parishioners. Your grand jury system is a sad relic of feudal days and barbarous years. A good man's name can be blasted by the oath of a bad neighbor, and, although the court may decide him innocent, this trial may have ruined his fortune and blasted his character forever. I was told that this exparte indictment was nothing, as I should have a fair trial where both sides should be heard. The words British Justice, Fair Play, and the honor of the British Jury were the grand words used to beguile me into the trial. My own judg-

ment, however, told me that until the feeling created by the *Trent* affair had passed away, it was suicidal for an Amarican to trust himself in the hands of a British jury.

A FARCICAL TRIAL.

However, armed with a case prepared by Messrs. BAXTER, ROSE & Co., the leading solicitors in England, supported by six able counselors, Messrs. BOVILLE, KNAPP, POLLOCK, LUSH, Sergeant BALLENTINE and GRATH —I, at least, expected fair play, but what are the facts? The first day, the case of the prosecution was entirely in my favor as evinced from the witnesses; but imagine the astonishment of every one in the court to see the foreman of the jury arise, and say that it was useless to call any more witnesses, as their minds were already made up. The quality of justice is not strained—it blesses those that give and curses those that receive. The counsel intimated that Mr. TRAIN had some forty scientific witnesses and others, some of them large vehicle owners, who used the tramway in preference, as it decreased friction, and enabled them to carry heavier loads, besides a mass of other evidence, proving that it was not only not a nuisance, but a great blessing to the community. In reply to the judge the jury said—it was useless to go on, as they had already decided that Mr. TRAIN was guilty!

A CONVICTED FELON.

Now I ask you, brother Cogers, if it is not rather a hard case that I should appear before you a CONVICTED FELON! having first been indicted as a nuisance by an *ex parte* statement, and found guilty by purely an *ex parte* trial. The right of appeal was denied me, although some bills of exceptions—which I presume I shall have to pay—will be argued before the judges at Westminster. Bringing the verdict of guilty against the vestrymen would involve the ordering up of the road. The vestrymen would respond, we are but twelve in a hundred and twenty, and you find us guilty of doing as individuals what the Act of Parliament says we have only power to do as a corporation. You see where the law clashes with the State that made it; the vestry's position is peculiar, having no power to put down the railway, they certainly have no power to order it up. Look at WYLD'S Great Globe in Leicester square, erected in 1851. Laws are made for past experiences, not future expectations. When they told me there was no law in England allowing me to lay down a tramway, I responded that there was no law against it. There is no law for navigating the air or under the ocean, because such locomotion has not been demonstrated. So there was no law on tramways, simply because you never expected them. The singular feature of the verdict is, all the ENGLISHMEN escaped, while the AMERICAN, who acted by their authority was convicted, without his being allowed to speak in his own defence, or call a single witness in his own favor.

A RIGHT DENIED.

You, perhaps, may know that the laws of nations permit a foreigner to have six of his own countrymen on the jury on any criminal offence. My crime in the words and eye of the law, was a criminal one, and as Chief Justice EARL remarked, did not come under any civil process, therefore I was entitled to have six Americans upon the jury. A British sailor in New York frequently calls for six Englishmen upon his case; and I myself have been asked to act as juryman in Liverpool when an American sailor was being tried for some criminal offence. These, then, are the grounds of which I complain. First, I am indicted as a criminal by *ex parte* statements. Second, I am not allowed to have six Americans upon the jury. Third, I am not allowed to speak in my own defence. Fourth, the verdict is suspended with the Englishmen—thereby throwing all the costs, my own, the vestry's and the prosecution, on to my shoulders, and those I represent! and I may mention that twelve hundred and fifty pounds in cash, for law expenses had to be deposited before the trial came on. Fifth, I am not allowed to call one of my witnesses, hence am found guilty by purely an *ex parte* trial, when their leading witness testified to his political *animus* to an American.

REFLECTIONS ON THE TRIAL.

I am satisfied that my solicitors did all they could. My counsel watched every point of the case. The judge seemed entirely impartial, and the jury — specially called, were country gentlemen, owning their carriages—may have given a conscientious verdict. Oh, that I had lived in the halcyon days of the good and much abused JEFFRIES! But why did the prosecution take the case down into the country, where tramways were not used, instead of bringing it to Westminster? If, as the judge ruled, *ninety-nine* were *benefitted* and *one inconvenienced*, why need the jury have heard more than one witness, if they believed his statement? Ninety men may drink gin and water; I don't—hence they should be indicted. I have written a letter to the *Times*, a letter comprising some of the facts of this extraordinary one-sided trial, without the least expectation of their doing me the commonest justice of printing it. Had I been a "Secessionist," willing to sell my country to the highest bidder, it would receive more attention. In conclusion, gentlemen, let me say that I have, at great cost of time and money, and of good nature, neither of which are entirely exhausted, practically sown an idea that must eventually fructify into a successful harvest.

WHAT IS A NUISANCE IN ENGLAND.

It is pronounced a NUISANCE!—*Nuisance?*—Yes!—to whom? the Queen? No! I pay five per cent. on gross receipts into the Exchequer, as my mite to assist Mr. GLADSTONE in swelling the revenue. A *nuisance* to the parish? certainly not! I pay five hundred pounds a year towards the repairs of the road, thereby saving twenty-five per cent. taxes to the rate payers. A *nuisance* to industry? hardly? Do I not employ workmen to make carriages, cut timber, roll iron and lay the road? Does not the purchase of horses and corn, and hay, and the employment of men to manage the tramway, add to the wealth of the nation? A *nuisance* to the *six hundred thousand* passengers who used the tramway? Ask them! And they will tell you that many of them own their carriages and vehicles, and use the tram in preference to the road. To whom then is the *nuisance?* Principally to Mr. SAMUEL HENTON, the vestryman who receives some two thousand pounds a year from the "London General Omnibus Company," for harnesses, and prosecutes this case in his public capacity of vestryman, simply as an act of philanthropy to the public at large. Of course the fact of *one hundred millions of passengers* passing over the roads of Boston, Philadelphia and New York last year, are not arguments available in England. The only point of law which an American will be permitted to reserve, is—*The Monitor.*

THE FEDERAL ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S LIVE SPEECH ON THE FEDERAL ARMY, DELIVERED BEFORE THE LONDON SOCIETY OF COGERS ON MARCH 22, 1862.

[*From the London American of March* 26, 1862.]

The Society of Cogers is one of the most ancient of the London Discussion Halls, having been established in the reign of the Third George. It originally consisted of citizens of London, who met to watch the course of their representatives in London—Freedom of the Press—Freedom of Discussion—Obedience to the Laws—Loyalty to the Crown—and the Practice of Public and Social Virtue—are some of its tenets.—Among its early members were the Aldermen John Wilks (1756), Sir Richard Glynn (1784), Sir James Shaw (1813), Sir W. Paking (1819), and many of England's leaders. Here Brougham and Campbell measured intellect; and both Houses have among them men who have debated here in other days.

Mr. Train, on entering the Debating Hall on the 22d ult. for the first time, was at once recognized, and loudly called for: the events of the week being the theme for discussion. The audience was so pleased with his rattling digest of the late American victories, and his former able efforts, that they rose by acclamation, and there and then elected him an honorary member of the *Ancient Society of Cogers.*

Below, we give Mr. Train's remarks on the American Army, on this occasion. We should judge, by the opening portion of this speech, that Mr. Train evidently thinks the advice of Sam Slick, that the judicious application of a little "soft sawder" often helps things along mightily, to be of some account.

Mr. Chairman, I rise because courtesy demands it; I speak because it would be rudeness not to, and because, when an English audience express their will, it is useless to combat it. The last speaker is a bold man to express such radical sentiments. One would suppose that Ireland was on fire with revolution; when, since Major O'Riley's selection, it seems as calm as a summer lake. I was pained to hear his comments on the Government, and apparent coldness when alluding to England's sovereign. It would be singular were an American to prove himself more loyal in an English audience than the English or Irish themselves; but such is the fact in his case; I never remember hearing the name of England's Queen mentioned where Americans composed the party, that each and all did not rise, as if she were their Queen as well as yours. (Cheers.) The American people are peculiar in their admiration for that estimable lady; and now more than ever she has gained our esteem, since it has become known to us that it was her beneficent hand that removed the pen and ink away from Lord Palmerston just as he was about to indite that fatal declaration of war against a proud people, who have lived and will live in remembrance of the hallowed associations of their haughty an-

cestors. (Cheers.) A thought occurs to me as you cheer: we are living in a whirling age; it is no longer the divine right of kings in your case, but the divine right of queens; (applause;) and on our side is a divine right which we shall ever maintain, of UNION NOW AND UNION FOR EVER.

The strange fancy that enters my brain is this: Should it ever so happen in the breaking up of ministries, and the breaking down of governments, that you should become tired of the noble lady that had done already more for England than England can do for her—should it ever so happen in the strange vicissitudes that are taking place during this age of events, that your Queen should be distasteful to you, which God forbid, and which I believe impossible, then let me say to you, in the name of the American people, I hereby promise that she shall be elected President of the United States. (Laughter and cheering.) And I am confident that the same spirit that sprung up in every living breast in that great United North to embrace and welcome her proud and lovely firstborn child, (cheers,) will stimulate our people to throw aside party on that august occasion, and place Victoria in the White House by acclamation. (Cheers, laughter, and applause.)

The gentleman made a happy hit by calling this audience a republic of free men, where free thought and free debate and free opinion ruled supreme. I accept the Republican simile, and should hope that among its citizens there are none who would commit so base an act, under the garb of loyalty to the Queen, as to breed treason against the government, and seek with bloodshed its overthrow, as some other bad citizens have done in that Great Republic over the way. (Hear, and applause.) Mr. O'Brien does not believe in the honesty of our President on the slave question; I am not surprised, for I have been long enough in this country to know that there is a large party in the land who would not believe any good of America or the Americans, even though the angel Gabriel whispered it in their ears. (Laughter.) The more we try to please you the less we appear to succeed. But what can we expect when the *Saturday Review* lands Burnside's naval expedition in the mountains of Western Virginia, (laughter,) and the *Times* makes the Confederate army march from Richmond to Bunker's Hill in a single night! (Laughter.) Older than ourselves we have taken your advice; Dr. Russell gave you the text to ridicule and laugh at our raw recruits; (as Sotheron says in Lord Dundreary, he seems to have been as mad on the American question as a Welsh wabbit.) (Laughter.) You took it up, and told us that to make soldiers out of farmers, and tradesmen, and mechanics, and fishermen, there must be hard drilling. We accepted your counsel. Europe poured in upon us hundreds of her best artillery, cavalry, and infantry officers, who, bursting with the love of liberty, were anxious to give Union battle. Look at McClellan's staff, composed of brave generals, bold princes, and future kings, who already have cried A BOURBON! A HAVELOCK! and let slip a hundred regiments, to sweep the madman from his throne. (Applause.) By this time there is not even one Richmond in the field. Drill, you said; we have drilled.

Why do you wait so long? then you asked. We are drilling, we replied. And I now point you to the million of drilled men that cover a battle line of two thousand miles. Your mob, again you said, your mob never will give up Mason and Slidell. The mob did give up the traitors, and furthermore received the British officers at Boston, who were sent to wage war against us, with almost a royal welcome! (Applause.) You said, you have no money, and we will not lend you a shilling. *Gentlemen, we never asked you for a shilling.* (Hear, hear.) And, as I observed on a previous occasion, *the only real cause we have yet given you for breaking the blockade was the taking up the entire Federal loan in our own land, without even consulting Mr. Sampson of the Times, Baron Rothschild, or the London Stock Exchange.*

You said it was impossible to blockade our ports. Gentlemen, there never was a blockade so effectual, because there never was war so extensive, or people so determined, or administration so strong! There is no cathartic sufficiently powerful to remove the stones from the ruined harbor of Charleston, until the Federal Power chooses to exercise its clemency again. The *Times* Russell now admits the power of our navy, which you have ridiculed, *and thinks*, where two millions of bales of cotton are locked up, which, if let loose, would command three prices, and where all the simple necessaries of life are one hundred and fifty per cent. above the market, the blockade *must* be effectual. Foster's scorching rebuke to Gregory in the Commons has made more ridiculous than ever the Irish champion of treason. You said that the North and the South would never come together! Wait a little longer! You said, Republican institutions had failed! Already the passport system is abolished, the political prisoners have been released, martial law superseded to the civil government, and the placid *ocean* of Peace is gradually replacing the turbulent waves of War, so that when the sunlight of Union shines upon it, there will be reflected back from the glassy mirror myriads of faces from a happy, contented people. (Applause.)

You never will know the herculean energies we have displayed. Let me paint the picture in my own way. We have nine

armies, under nine Generals, composing a force equal to nine Waterloos, a dozen Austerlitzes, two Moscows, and larger than all the forces of all the nations that gave battle in the Crimea. (Oh!) To give you the idea of its magnitude, I will change the battle-ground.

Old England shall represent New England; and all Europe shall be the field of action. Time of preparation, six months; resources, all our own. With the sympathies of England and the world against us, we have placed twenty thousand men under General Butler at Cronstadt; twenty thousand under General Sherman, at Hamburg; thirty thousand under General Burnside, at Amsterdam; twenty thousand under General Halleck, at Odessa; twenty thousand under General Hunter, blockading Vienna, on the Danube; forty thousand under General Buell, at Trieste; eighty thousand under General Grant, at Marseilles; sixty thousand under General Banks, on the Belgian coast; leaving some three hundred thousand under General McClellan, on the French shore, after crossing the Potomac of the Channel. (Hear, hear.) The distances in my picture are not so unequal, although populations, fortresses, and language are different. Remember that England was the point from which I take my sketch. Australia is the California, with another Union army for the Pacific shore. All those points protected, we have England still to represent the great Union party in our Northern country, with five millions more of armed men ready to plunge into battle in defence of the nation's life. (Loud cheers.)

In America, as in England, there is an uncoiled spring of magnetic intelligence that, when set in motion, could only be surpassed in grandeur by the artillery batteries of heaven! (Applause.) The next mail will bring you startling intelligence. Let me foreshadow the plan of action; the battles are already fought; if reverse were possible in one point, victory triumphs in another: the Georgians lost their mail arrangements some time ago, and now they have had their waterworks cut off. (Loud laughter.) Gentlemen, it is no laughing matter, were you citizens of Savannah, to be shut off from all communication from your fellow-men, (renewed laughter,) who have already began to contemplate the terrible atrocities so vividly pictured by Arrowsmith, the reliable correspondent for the London *Times*, of RAILWAYS AND REVOLVERS IN GEORGIA! (Laughter and applause.)

Savannah is down, Charleston is taken, Mobile occupied by Unionists, New Orleans besieged, and Memphis occupied! Two weeks after the fall of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, the occupation of Clarkesville and Nashville, the evacuation of Columbus, that Mantua of the West, (cheers,) and Norfolk under the "Stars and Stripes!" Beauregard, the hero of fortifications, has become the hero of evacuations; Pillow keeps up his Mexican reputation by cutting his way *through the forest*, at the first smell of blood, (laughter,) while the battle of Floyd's *Run* (laughter) shall be commemorated as the Leipsic of Confederate history. The Confederates are howling at England, calling the minister all kinds of names, playing the rogue's march, singing *Perfide Albion* in the dim twilight of their conspiracy, gnashing their teeth with hate and rage, in vain endeavors to cover up their ignominy and their shame.

A voice: "Where is the Sumter?" Cries of "Order!" "Put him out!"

The Sumter, sir, which comprises one-half the Confederate navy, (laughter,) is corked up in Gibraltar, with deserted crew, watched by the Tuscarora, and out of the reach of again being ordered away by your foreign office. The Sumter can no more burn innocent merchantmen, and rob peaceful traders. Two of her officers are already on their way to the American coast in a Federal war ship to receive the just punishment of an outraged power; another part of the pirate navy has just arrived at Wilmington, by express order of the Confederate Cabinet, who have their trunks all packed, and have stolen all the money they could lay their hands on, preparatory to taking their chances of escaping in the Nashville from the doom that awaits them. (Cheers.)

The order to burn the cotton and tobacco is under the mistaken idea that it would involve England in the common ruin with themselves. Bear in mind, gentlemen, that this cotton and tobacco is solemnly pledged for the redemption of the Confederate paper and the Confederate loan, and now the Confederate Cabinet have got all the money they can sponge out of their deceived subjects, they solemnly order them to destroy the securities on which the loan was paid. (Hear, hear.) And all this to deceive England, or rather frighten England by a threat, the very last thing of all others, so history states, that would bring this remarkable people to look.

You should know that the crops destroyed and the cities burned are not by their owners, but by the miserable riff-raff, who have nothing to lose; a riff-raff, as one speaker beautifully remarked, who represent the dead level of humanity, standing on the zero of civilization, or wallowing in the mire of their own beastly sensuality, instead of floating on the wings of a virtuous indignation, or poised on the pinions of patriotic intelligence. (Cheers.)

General Banks' movement on Winchester is only a feint to allow McClellan to push on to Fredericksburg, and the nature of a conflict that a mail or two will announce may be estimated by the Commander-in-Chief

having ordered *fifteen thousand ambulances to bear away the wounded!* (Sensation.) Verily, it is a terrible necessity; but the spring has arrived—the month and the hour that calls loudly for victory; two thousand years hence the ides of March will be associated with the history of the Potomac.

The beautiful lines of Bayard Taylor are in my memory:

> "Then down the long Potomac's line,
> Shout like a storm on hills of pine:
> Till ramrods ring, and bayonets shine!
> Advance! the chieftain's call is mine.
> MARCH!" (Loud cheers and applause.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S POPULARITY IN AMERICA:

[*From the London American of May* 21, 1862.]

Union Speeches Delivered in England during the present American War.—"First Series." By GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, of Boston, United States, author of "Young America Abroad," "Young America in Wall Street," "Young America on Slavery," &c., &c. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. John A. Knight, No. 100 Fleet Street, London. 1862.

The Union Speeches, delivered in England during the American war, published by Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, for the benefit of "THE LONDON AMERICAN." are having a most extensive sale throughout the United States.

They are sold in the streets—they meet you at the hotels, and boys are continually crying, "Train's Union Speeches," wherever you go, in the railway cars from Washington to St. Louis, or anywhere else.

Our American files are full of the most complimentary notices. Seldom has a man been so successful in touching the heart of a great people as has Mr. Train that of the Americans.

As we intimated in a previous notice, we are not disinterested in making these remarks, as the great sale of the book will place this paper on an entirely independent basis as the only American organ in this hemisphere. We cannot better acknowledge our obligations to the American press, for their repeated quotations from our columns, than by giving two or three extracts as a sample of the various notices of this book throughout the United States.

Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper*, so ably edited by the distinguished author and Central American explorer, E. G. Squier, says (April 19):

"We have here, in a double column pamphlet of 88 pages, in a buff cover, with a medallion head of some eminent Greek, which we take to be that of Alcibiades, on the title-page, a collection of quaint, but thoroughly patriotic, and by no means unphilosophical speeches, delivered before English audiences, during the past twelve months, by one of the most extraordinary men of the day—extraordinary as an embodiment of spread-eagleism in style, enterprise in business, good sense, much observation and experience in the world and its ways. There is hardly a trait in the man's character in which one is not disposed to find fault, yet very few which one would like to have changed—except, perhaps, that excess of modesty and lack of assurance which is so painfully apparent in all he says or does. Mr. Train's speeches are so utterly different from conventional harangues, in style, mode of treating the subject matter, and in illustration, that at first blush most people are disposed to pronounce on them unfavorably; but a little familiarity with their peculiarities of form wears away prejudice, and it is found that substantially they are equal, if not superior, to the formal and portentous efforts which are called orations. Put Mr. Train's arguments in the pompous phraseology of Webster, and for his familiar illustrations and idiomatic phrases substitute quotations from the classics and Latinized formulas, and men would look wise and pronounce them 'grand.' But the days of sublime bombast are fast passing away; huge logical fabrics and stately periods are becoming obsolete, and Mr. Train is one of the Apostles of the Reformation. 'Long may he wave.'"

The progress of civilization is certainly westward. We little expected to have in our exchange list a paper from the Rocky Mountains. But here we have before us a file of the *Rocky Mountain News*, Denver, Colorado Territory, wherein we find that Mr. Train's speeches have got up into the mountains, as well as down in the army, where officers and men are using them as text books for Union expressions. We quote from the *News*, (April 19):

"Train's Union Speeches have just been received by the last United States mail. They are published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, and were delivered by George Francis Train, in England, during the present American war, where he has been doing good service to the Union cause ever since the out-break of the rebellion. These speeches should be read by his coun-

trymen with as great interest and profit as they were listened to by the English of all classes, who crowded the places of public assembly whenever he was announced for a speech. In England he has nobly confronted exile Secessionists, and prejudiced Englishmen, who hated our Republican institutions. His speeches are full of fire and pure Union sentiments, and a perusal of them will be enjoyed by every true and loyal American. Mr. Train's eloquence is entirely *sui generis*—he is the founder of the spread-eagle school of oratory, and it may truly be said, 'none but himself can be his parallel.'"

The New York *Times* (under the clever management of Henry J. Raymond, the Speaker of the New York Legislature, who won a leader in the *Times* the other day for his speech on England at Albany) has been most severe in reviewing some of Mr. Train's former books, but this time the reviewer does him justice. We quote (April 9):

"Mr. Train has become an American celebrity both at home and abroad, and has pretty thoroughly identified himself with the peculiar, and sometimes even eccentric characteristics which distinguish our cis-Atlantic youth. Not that Mr. Train still lingers in his 'teens or on the sunny side of thirty, do we employ the juvenile designation, but because 'Young America' is a favorite phrase with that gentleman, and, moreover, because he has certainly, on all occasions, manifested the go-ahead, dashing, devil-may-care style and disposition, which are by most foreigners, and a great many of our own people, supposed to place our young folk of both sexes far in advance of other races. Mr. Train, until very lately, has been chiefly known to the world in connection with street railways, which he has been endeavouring, with a certain measure of success, to introduce in London and other English cities. He has been in this work decidedly a 'fast' train; and the unsophisticated, sober-sided, commercial Checrybles of England have contemplated his exploits with commingled wonder and awe. Since the outbreak of the Southern rebellion, Mr. Train's talents have been devoted to the task of sustaining the Union cause in the British Isles; and the present pamphlet, published by Peterson & Brothers, contains a rare selection of his speeches and letters put forth on that subject during the past twelvemonth. The proceeds of its sale are to be applied to the benefit of the *London American*—the only American newspaper published beyond the Atlantic. The journal is pledged to the service of the National Flag, and opposition to secessionism, and it is published under the editorship of A. W. Bostwick, Esq. Mr. Train's speeches on the American question, on war and cotton, and on the future treatment of rebels, have made a decided sensation wherever read. They are given *verbatim* and entire in this collection, and will furnish the reader with the highest order of excitement producible by *electrical* oratory, doubly powerful in the present case, because the rhetorical Galvani here used his batteries in the best of service."

The New York World, May 3rd, considers that the opposition to Mr. Train's tramway, has arisen from his Union speeches:—

"George Francis Train and his city railway scheme has come to grief in London. The track has been pronounced a nuisance in a London local court, or rather Train has been convicted of creating a nuisance for having laid the track. This probably disposes of the subject of city railways in England, as it will be well nigh impossible for the irrepressible American to make further headway against the prejudice he has excited, both against himself and his Yankee notion. It was admitted on all hands that the railway would be a great convenience and saving to the myriads of travellers in the crowded cities of Great Britain, but then it was a new thing, and, more than all, was chaperoned by Mr. Train, *who made himself many enemies in England by his stirring and spread-eagle speeches in defence of his native land during the Trent excitement.* So the reign of lumbering omnibusses and expensive cabs and hackney coaches will be continued yet awhile longer in England. Mr. Train ought to come home and help build railroads in the newly-recovered rebel States. If his work were as fast as his speeches, Washington and Richmond would soon be connected by rail."

The Press of Philadelphia, says that Mr. Train is not the first man who has suffered for his patriotism, and there cannot be the slightest doubt, that among illiberal persons in England, and especially in and about London, there exists a feeling strongly antagonistic to Mr. Train, on account of his spirited speeches in favor of the American Union. Some of these unavoidably touched on the apparent negligence of the British Government in respect to breaches of its proclaimed neutrality (vessels loading in British ports, with arms, ammunition, &c., for the rebel South), and John Bull has put his back up, in wrath, at any foreigner *presuming* to pass comments upon the conduct of the Government.

Our space only permits us to make one more extract to show that the outrageous persecution against Mr. Train, whose only crime has been the defence of his country abroad, is properly interpreted by the American journals to that cause:—

"A verdict against George Francis Train." says the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, May 8, "has been rendered against one of Mr. Train's horse railroads in London, or rather tramways as they are called in England, which was complained of by certain parties as a nuisance. The most astonishing part

of this affair is that the jury in this case brought in a verdict on purely *ex parte* evidence. After hearing the evidence for the prosecution the jury announced that their minds were made up and no amount of evidence could change their opinion,—this is fair play with a vengeance! Not one of Mr. Train's witnesses was called, although some forty had been got together at great expense. Nor was it decided that he had the right of appeal. The *animus* of some of the witnesses was clearly shown to arise from the political feeling created by Mr. Train's steadfast position on the American question and the Trent affair, and "The London American" intimates that the verdict was directed against the man and not the tram."

These few extracts, selected from scores of notices, bear out our remarks that Mr. Train to-day is one of the most popular men in the United States. We hope, in the independence of his nature, he will do nothing to forfeit his well-merited popularity.

THE BOSTON MERCHANTS AND GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

A LETTER FROM NINETY-FIVE OF THE LEADING CITIZENS OF BOSTON, AND STATE SENATORS AND MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[*From the London American of April* 23, 1862.]

MR. TRAIN AND THE BOSTON MERCHANTS.

As a native of the Modern Athens we are not surprised to see Boston vieing with the Quaker city in acknowledgment of the services which Mr. Train has rendered to his country—when such services were most needed.

The Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago papers copy Mr. Train's speeches in full. The Commercial *Bulletin* by this mail has several columns of Mr. Train's argument on slavery—which is attracting, as we anticipated, much attention.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* was one of the first journals that copied Mr. Train's speeches at length—and as a specimen of many notices that are in our files—we copy from a leader in that journal of March 29, the following extract:—

AMERICA'S CHAMPION IN ENGLAND—THE SWORD AND BATTLE-AX OF GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Among all the pictures hung up by Scott in his immortal gallery, no two are more perfect in their drawing, or striking by their contrast, than those of the slow, Titanic Richard, with his resistless battle-ax, and the lithe, lightning-like Saladin, with his inevitable sword. Each foe seemed deadlier than the other—the ponderous weapon of the one felling to the earth whatever stood before it—the other's bright Damascus cutting clean alike through a helmet or a feather. The union of the two—of power with ease, of weight with speed and splendor, impossible in the physical swordsman—is seen in the rhetorical fencing of George Francis Train. In the right hand his country's champion bears the crushing battle-ax; in the left, the glittering scimitar; and crossing, circling, darting, intermingling, now this, now that, now both smite down or flash through whatever they may strike. Mr. Train's variety and fertility in arguments and images, and his rapidity in their use for deadly thrust or skillful parry, are really amazing. He is not, nor aims to be, a finished fencer, though grace sometimes adds beauty to his power. An impassioned gladiator, of intense vitality and infinite resources, he throws his soul into his sword, and always guards himself by always disarming or slaying his opponent. To exemplify by quotations were almost like selecting specimen lightnings from an unbroken storm, where all that was not flash was bolt, or rather, where the flash was but the scabbard to the bolt. Of scores of passages that we have marked in the recently published pamphlet edition of his London speeches, each seems as choiceworthy as the other. So we take a few at random. You may generally tell the Richard from the Saladin, but sometimes the ax and sword fall and gleam together, and the blow both cuts and crushes.

* * * * * * * * *

There are some points (*vide* one on page sixty-two of Petersons' edition,) [Mr. Train's speeches have been published by Messrs. Peterson, in Philadelphia, and are having an extensive sale.—Ed. L. A.] so adroitly taken and powerfully put home, that we would fain exhibit them. But the whole display is one of telling hits—for the British, a slash and a courtesy; for the Rebels, a hurricane of deadly blows. For Mr. Train is no carpet-knight, flourishing to show off

his grace of posture, or cunningness of fence. He is a fighter, filled with burning indignanation, and whose purpose is to kill. If the ax of Richard swing, sledgewise, at a lie, it is to dash its brains out! If the sword of Saladin dart, thought-like, at Treason, it is to cut its heart through!

We know Boston well; we know many of the gentlemen who have signed the flattering testimonial, and, knowing them, we can understand just at this particular time, in Mr. Train's fortunes, how gratifying it must be for him to know that his countrymen in the city where he was born are not the last to send him words of friendship and of praise.

(Copy.)

Boston, April 1, 1862.

My Dear Friend Train,—The enclosed address was signed by willing hands; as many more names could have been secured, but those you have are enough to give you an idea of the minds of Boston.

Your patriotic course has been noticed with much pleasure by your old friends, and you have made many new ones.

With kind regards, believe me, most truly yours,

(Signed) Alpheus Hardy.

(Copy.)

Boston, March 13, 1862.

George Francis Train, Esq., London.

Dear Sir,—For your many noble, manly, and eloquent speeches in defence of our country; for your sacrifices and labors in setting forth the truth, where rebels were industriously sowing falsehoods; for your untiring efforts in meeting and defeating our country's foes, we beg to tender to you our heartfelt thanks, and congratulate you upon your intellectual victories and successes.

Thomas Russel, Elisha Atkins, Curtis Guild, Thomas Howe, Albert G. Browne, Erastus Sampson, Bailey Loring, H T. Delano, E. C. Sherman, J. Willard Rice, Charles S. Kendall, Thomas Rice, jun., Alpheus Hardy, F. W. Lincoln, jun., A. A, Frazer, Osborn Howes, Jos. V. Bacon, F. Nickerson, W. T. Glidden, J. A. Andrew (Governor of Massachusetts), Thomas Curtis, B. G. G. Andros, Isaac Taylor, A. A. Burwell, Charles C. Evans, Charles H. Dillaway, Charles L. Wright, James O. Curtis, Nathaniel C. Nash, James Lee, jun., George F. Williams, James P. Bush, Richard A. Howes, J. B. Brigham, E. H. Baker, Edwin Briggs, H. O. Briggs, Stephen Bowen, Curtis and Peabody, Joseph P. Glover, Duncan McLean, Timothy T. Sawyer, George C. Lord, H. Harris, Charles W. Scudder, Otis Clapp, Edward Hamilton, John J. Baker, J. C. Wyman, John L. Swift, Hugh W. Greene, Jared M. Heard, O. Webster King, James Brown, E. J. Collins, H. B. Wheelright, William F. Weld, Frederick Howes, James S. McLellan, J. S. Farlow, C. J. Morrill, Henry Warner, F. H. Forbes, Addison Gage, Albert Ballard, D. B. Flint, C. L. Colby, John Taylor, B. F. White, Samuel J. Cochrane, Silas Peirce, J. S. Robinson.

STATE SENATORS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Alvah Crocker, John J. Babson, E. O. Haven, Chas. G. Stevens, W. Griswold, C. J. Rus, Ebenezer Gay, E. P. Brownell. Stephen N. Stockwell, John C. Tucker, Hartley Williams, R. H. Libby, Henry Smith, H. Montgomery.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATE LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Henry L. Pierce, John S. E. Rogers, Chas. J. McCarthy, A. M. Giles, Stephen G. Wheatland, J. A. Gillis, T. L. Hemson, A. F. Wright, Allen S. Weeks.

(Copy of Mr. Train's Reply.)

18 St. James's-street, Piccadilly,
London, April 21, 1862.

Dear Alpheus Hardy,

And my many friends in my native city.

Obey orders if you break owners. I always did.—Now I obey the impulses of my nature at the risk of breaking myself. Wiseacres advised me not to jeopardize my fortunes for my country. If ignorance is wisdom it is folly to be wise! Do young men think old men are fools?—No. Do old men know that young men are?—Certainly not. Old men think they know more than they know—Young men drink more than they think. England is very old; the crow feet—the silver hair—the unsteady gait—the slippered pantaloon—all betoken great age; while instant action in the Trent affair proves that there is life in the old man yet. America is very young, and, oh! what terrible energy—such a navy—such an army—such a Treasury—such self-reliance! Where can you find its counterpart? The world is silent, and wonder sleeps on the faces of men. Now that America stands first among the nations, Americans should be less modest, less diffident, and less unassuming. Let us be as confident as England is. First in Commerce—first in Agriculture—first in Invention—first in War—better educated—better dressed—Americans ought to be more confident, and preach boldly, *America for the Americans*. How wonderful that America is the only land where the world seeks citizenship! Do Americans become naturalized in England, France, Germany, Russia?—No. But our nation's door is always open to Europe, Asia, Africa—and millions cross the threshold to become Americans! So long as Aristocracy is antagonistic to Democracy, Monarchies will

hate Republics; but the people of Europe will continue to love the people of America. Cromwell the First is adored in England—sometime Cromwell the Second will be equally appreciated. God bless my native city!—God bless my native State!—but, before city, before State, God bless my Native Land!

I am proud of Boston—proud of Massachusetts, but never before have I felt so proud of being a citizen of the United States of America.

> We are a proud people! While the silken band
> That binds the Union of our happy land
> Remains unbroken, we no doubt may feel,
> Of Foreign influence or of Foreign steel!
> Turn back the bolts against us hurled—
> Throw down our gauntlet and defy the world!

Massachusetts was in the front rank in the First Revolution, as she has been in the Second. The battle of Baltimore was fought on the anniversary of the battle of Lexington.

England has forty dialects — America must have but one. Men of the East and men of the West must say to the men of the North, and Union men of the South—There must be no more local jealousy. Americans can have but one thought and one destiny so long as they continue to be parts of one tremendous whole, whose body UNION is, and LIBERTY the soul.

Most faithfully yours,

(Signed) GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD CAMPBELL VACATES IN FAVOR OF GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN AND THE ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

[*From The London American of May* 14, 1862.]

The Anniversary Dinner of the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society has long been one of the leading features of the great London charities. Established in the reign of William III., and supported by voluntary subscriptions, it has for more than one hundred and fifty years proved a godsend to thousands of orphans of families who were once in prosperity. On Wednesday night the Society dined at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Lord Campbell, son of the late Lord Chancellor. The three long tables were packed with the friends of the children of St. Anne, as they are called; and among the invited guests we observed the President and some of the Senators of the Republic of Liberia, some of the Princes of Oude, in their peculiar Indian robes, and other distinguished foreigners. Mr. Adams, the American Minister, was prevented from being present by a previous engagement; and the Japanese Ambassadors were also absent. The band was composed of the boys of the Society; and the little orphan girls and boys presented a beautiful sight as they were led around the tables after the cloth had been removed. Lord Campbell gave the usual toasts in Lord Dundreary style, when several voices in the Hall cried out, "Train! Train!" This was after the President of the Liberian Republic had made an effective speech, alluding to having left the United States when only six years of age, and being for forty years identified with African civilization. Captain Rogers, of the Surrey Rifles, went to the noble chairman, as the mouth-piece of several gentlemen, to ask him to propose "Our American Cousins," in order to call up Mr. Train, and with the desire to show the good feeling existing between the two lands. The request was peremptorily refused; he did not wish to have any thing to do with the Americans or Mr. Train; and suddenly, in evident ill-humor at the audience calling upon Mr. Train, he interrupted a beautiful duet on the piano by proposing another toast! Here commenced a battle between fair play and bad nature; between the people and a lord!—that was amusing in the extreme. The cheers for the artists only drowned the hisses for the chair; and when the guests carried their own point, *encoring* the piece and making Lord Campbell sit down, the storm of applause was a warning to any one who dares to trifle with the vested rights of an Englishman. Having carried their point, and in order to show how unfairly his lordship had treated Mr. Train, the cries were renewed for Mr. Train to take the chair, much to the disgust of his lordship, who finally left the chair and the Hall, amidst groans and hisses, mingled with a few cheers of the excited members of St. Anne's. Mr. Train immediately was conducted to the chair, amid loud cheering, and only one or two hisses. His power of pleasing an audience is too well known.

MR. TRAIN'S SPEECH.

Ladies and Gentlemen of St. Anne, said Mr. Train:—I know not why you thus so generously shower these honors upon me,

unless because it is known that I am one of the governors of St. Anne for life—(cheers)—and to-morrow night I again volunteer my services in aid of the funds of this noble charity—by lecturing in its behalf at Islington. (Cheers.) How little the world really knows England; how few are aware that in this great city there are nearly one thousand of these noble charities, supported entirely by the generosity of the English race. (Applause.) Knowing how difficult it is in America to be elected President for four years—(laughter)—I lost no time when I met you on your last anniversary in sending my ten guineas, and making myself a governor for life in England. (Loud cheers.) Perhaps that accounts for your cheers and calls upon me to preside—(hear)—the band playing not the merry tune of "The Campbells are Coming," but the somewhat novel air of "The Campbells are Going."—(Laughter, cheers, and some hisses.) When England speaks the world must listen; when Englishmen express their wish, bold is the brave man that runs counter to their thought; and this blaze of energy on your part to-night gives me—blase as I am—that strange pulsation described by Sir Charles Coldstream, when he put the blacksmith out the window. (Laughter and applause.) Thanks, gentlemen, for your kind allusions to my own dear land. (Cheers.) Nations, like individuals, have their reverses and their successes; and what appear to be reverses to strangers may be actual successes to those most interested. (Hear.) Nations, like men, have friends on all sides in prosperity, while enemies appear on every hillock in adversity. Nature arranges these matters—myriads of insects surround the horseman when the sun shines, only to scatter over the moorland the moment the storm appears. (Hear, hear.) This noble charity blesses those that give as well as those that receive. (Cheers.) England is at home with these orphan children, and charity begins there. I, too, was an orphan—no dear father, no mother, no sweet sister, no kind brother, watched my early pathway, for I was left on the banks of a mighty river, a little orphan boy, of tender years, a wanderer in the world! (Sensation.) Therefore, be not surprised at my interest in the Society of St. Anne, for I have little children; and as your liberal constitution confines your charity to no creed, no party, and no country—(loud cheers)—some day, who knows, but what I may come knocking at your door—not yet, perhaps, although, from what the judges say, I may have to change my apartments for a time—(laughter, and No!)—in atonement for having dared to be an American. (No! No!) I mean for having ventured to introduce a carriage for the people. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Train gave the toasts that Lord Campbell had passed over, introducing each with appropriate remarks, concluding again proposing the ladies, and you can imagine how loud was the applause when he intimated that he believed that husbands did not, as a rule, give their wives sufficient pin money—(loud cheers)—in days of good fortune; so that the dear creatures could carefully preserve it when adversity made its unwelcome appearance. (Hear, laughter and cheers.)

We certainly think that this singular incident is worthy of recording, as showing the sense of justice in the English mind—the actual feeling of goodwill in England towards the United States—as well as the somewhat novel manner in which an American citizen is forced against his desire to occupy the chair, so petulantly abandoned by an English noble.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S LETTER TO THE COMMERCIAL BULLETIN, BOSTON, MASS.

A FEW FACTS AND ADVICE FOR BOSTON.

[*From the Commercial Bulletin, Boston, May* 10, 1862.]

In one of Mr. Train's friendly letters to to us, just received from London, he takes occasion to allude to Boston at some length, and to offer some suggestions and characteristic remarks, which are so pertinent in many respects that we make the following liberal extracts from his epistle, for the benefit of the progressive portion of our readers:

London, April 19, 1862.

A looker-on from foreign lands, Boston appears to me to have lost much of its former prestige. Formerly, who imported the tea?—the Boston merchants. Who the silks and the satins?—the Boston merchants. Who started the clipper ships?—the Boston merchants. Who initiated the railway en-

terprise of the country, but the merchants and capitalists of my native city?

The exports and imports of Boston do not keep pace with its population and its fame. Foreigners sap the life-blood of our people through their mail subsidies, and Cunard bears off the honors that ought to fall upon the shoulders of Americans. Where are the Boston packets? Who builds the Government ships? Why is it that we cannot have a line of mail steamers? "A little money, and a good deal of puffing," said Joshua Bates to Colonel Train, in 1844, "and you are sure to succeed." Seventeen years have passed, and the Empire City is sapping away our life blood, till the bloom has left our cheeks, and unless some powerful remedy is applied, some Chinese commercial traveller will speak in his note book of the modern Athens, resembling, so far as commercial energy is concerned, an ancient Babylon. Let your merchants and your bankers show the same energy that the manufacturers show at Lawrence, at Waltham, and at Lowell. Let your active ship owners and merchant princes stimulate the nerve and patriotism of our brave Massachusetts boys at Baltimore, and at Ball's Bluff, and the wharves of Boston would again ring with the cheering stevedore's voice in discharging ships from the Orient—from the North, and the South, and the East, and the West. Wise men of the East arouse from your lethargy, or New York will reduce our three-fold hills to a sandbank of indolence!

Greenock was once flourishing when Glasgow was a little village. The Clyde was widened, the Broomlaw made, and now Greenock is a petty shipping port, while Glasgow absorbs a magnificent commerce, and has increased her population to three times that of Boston. Williamstown, at the mouth of the Yarra Yarra, in Hobson's Bay, was larger than Melbourne twenty years ago; but now the one acts as a coal tender to the steam engine. So it may be with Boston. The fossils, molonyxes, mastadons and megathariums, who have so long impeded the expansion of our trade, must stand aside, for we must and will have more life, more energy, more action! Let us revive the days of Billy Gray, and again send our ships out into the world. New ideas, new thoughts, new blood is wanted. Why don't you organize a Mutual Admiration Society of young merchants, to compose a young Exchange? You want young insurance offices, young banks, young shipbuilders, to organize a band of progress. A new era of trade is about to open. New England is to supersede old England on the highways of commerce. High tariffs will give us the control of Eastern trade, and a line of steamers from California to China should bring us always later dates. Circumstances make men, but it is only *men* that can control the circumstances.

Why do your merchants establish their branch houses in New York? Why do your young men emigrate to other cities? It is because the oligarchy of the few produces paralysis on the many. What chance has the young merchant of having his paper discounted at the old Bank? Remember that the merchants who gave our city fame, did it when they were young men. God forbid that I have said any thing in this letter reflecting upon any of our commercial generals, —but Scott succumbed to McClellan, Cameron to Stanton, and the magnates of State street have managed the spoils long enough. Our Knights of the Golden Circle have had it too long their own way. Our secession party had better all secede to New York if they like, for we will not permit them any longer to keep back the progress of Boston. Our three-fold hill is the home of arts and the nurse of liberty.

Dear old Boston? I cherish every stone in her warehouses; every keel in her shipping; every merchant who will add one laurel to her former greatness. The moment the war is ended there will be an enormous trade with the South. When this trade is divided, Boston demands its share. I would use this motto: NEW YORK—ITS RIGHTS, AND NOTHING MORE! BOSTON—ITS RIGHTS, AND NOTHING LESS!

Let our young men be first to establish houses in our Southern cities to manage our Northern trade. Boston must be a great place of export. Long since we pushed England off the track in China, and a new era, is now opened to our manufacturers to spin yarns and cottons for the cargoes of our ships. Open wide the BULLETIN'S columns to any man, who will make two ships grow where one was launched before.

The first important thing Boston ought to do is to establish a line of mail steamers to England,—make it a joint stock company of two millions of dollars, make every exporter and every importer take one hundred to five hundred dollars each. Steam directly to the English shore without stopping at Halifax. Don't allow a shilling of foreign capital. Let the ship-builder and the ship-chandler, the agent and the broker, all take a portion of their pay in the shares of the company; and, before the end of the year, swift passages would bring fair returns, and Boston would regain in prestige during the next ten months what it has lost during the last ten years. Call it the Union Line, managed by a Union company of Union men. Send out your own people to manage them in England.

The Barings, the Browns, the Pickersgills, have long ceased to represent our people. These old firms, for twenty years, have hung like a night-mare over our finances, cashier-

ing every good enterprise that did not fall into their hands. Why do American Securities stand so low in England? Simply because these firms bear them down to the lowest ebb, in order to profit by the flood. Take Sampson's anathemas against our State Stocks, our Railway Securities, during the last year, and tell me who inspires them. Why, no other than the international bankers, who profess to be interested in our welfare. The Barings, the Browns, &c., are English houses—not American—and I know nearly every man of them to have been secessionists during the reign of secession. Rumor assures me that George Peabody alone has realized upwards of three hundred thousand pounds in American Securities during the Trent affair; one-half of which he has generously given to the London poor. The other half, I understand, he is going to generously devote to a Union Hospital, for Union soldiers who have been mutilated during this ungodly war!

I would not make these comments were I not annoyed to see so many Americans indirectly sympathise with those who would gloat over our destruction.

Secessia, thus far, has been a good thing for Lancashire and Yorkshire. The cotton brokers, bankers, and merchants, since 1857 sunk two pounds a bale on their two millions of cotton. Four millions less per annum, to twelve millions sunk in three years. This twelve millions of paper, a dead loss, was flooded on the London market until the Rebellion stopped the cotton and saved some scores of bankers, manufacturers and merchants from bankruptcy. The disaster is taken off the shoulders of the wealthiest classes to be thrown upon the backs of the poor. I know of nothing more saddening than the dismal wail that comes up to me from the manufacturing districts—give us food or give us labor to purchase food, for the times are bad, the sky is dull, no brilliant prospect in the future, no hope, no bread, the pauper houses are full, and the grave yard is yawning for more victims, for of such is the kingdom of Secession.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

MR. TRAIN AN HONORARY GOVERNOR OF THE LAMBETH PENSION SOCIETY.

[*From the London American of May* 14, 1862.]

Mr. Train's continued efforts in aid of the charities of the metropolis are evidently making themselves felt upon the popular mind—Mr. Peabody with his money, and Mr. Train with his lectures, must do much to neutralize the attempts of Secessionists to embroil the two countries in war. The following correspondence tells its own story:

(Copy of a letter from the Honorary Secretary of the Lambeth Pension Society):

59 Walcot-place, East Lambeth,
5th of May, 1862.

Dear Sir,—I beg respectfully to apprize you that at the Annual General Meeting of Subscribers held at the Vestry Hall, on Wednesday, the 30th day of April, you were unanimously elected an Honorary Governor of this Society, for the benefit conferred by your lectures in aid of the funds thereof,—I remain, dear Sir, yours truly.

(Signed) THOS. ROFFEY, Secretary.

To Geo. F. Train, Esq.

(MR. TRAIN'S REPLY.

18 St. James's-street, Piccadilly,
London, May 7, 1862.

Dear Sir,—When a man's motives have been misunderstood, and his sentiments misinterpreted, what can be more gratifying to him than to be appreciated by those who, not knowing him, mistook his warm expressions of attachment for his own land as an unfriendly act towards another country.

Be so kind as to make known to your noble Institution how delighted I am to be made an honorary governor of so worthy a Society, and say to them that they may command my services on any future occasion, whenever they think I can add to their funds by lecturing to those whose acquaintance I am so proud to make.

By such mutual expressions of good will between our respective nations I hope to prove to you that Americans wish to cultivate the friendship of Englishmen, not provoke their enmity.

Most respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Thomas Roffey, Esq.

MR. TRAIN'S LECTURE AT THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.

[*From the London American of May 21st*, 1862.]

On Thursday evening Mr. Train lectured at the Whittington Club, for the benefit of the "Metropolitan Church Schoolmasters' Association," the subject being "Recollections of Travels in America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia." J. Williams, Esq., Churchwarden of Lambeth, occupied the chair. Owing to the unfavorable condition of the weather—caused, no doubt, by the depressed state of the mercury in the barometer—the audience was not large, but made up in attention and enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers. The lecturer gave his own experience in the various countries through which he had journeyed, embellishing his earnest facts with anecdote and wit. His imitations of the Chinese and other characters were well received by his audience, and were no doubt, inimitable in their way; at the same time we cannot help thinking that originality is always better than imitation, and, for ourselves, we would prefer Mr. Train's own features to the parchment-like countenance of a Chinese mandarin.

Mr. Train then proceeded to narrate his travels and adventures in Turkey, "amongst the half-civilized, proud, uncouth, and obstinate people." He gave, in a rich vein of satirical humor, an account of himself and a party of friends visiting a Turkish Mosque. The attempt on the part of the Turkish attendants at imposition, after bargaining for a certain payment; but how, when himself and party assumed a determined and menacing attitude, the Turkish attendants alarmed, made the most humble and abject salaams. The lecturer's droll and inimitable style of mimicry, and occasional bursts of thrilling eloquence while describing ancient Stamboul and the Turks, quite electrified his audience, and drew forth the most hearty and continued rounds of applause. From Turkey he took his audience into the Sunny Lands of Italy, and gave a fervid and eloquent description of that then distracted country, "the Land of Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Art," and of her expectant, hopeful, patriotic, and determined peoples."

The originality of idea in which he described what he saw, felt and heard in traveling through that beautiful land, his graphic picture of its present condition and future destiny, the touching and eloquent appeal to the people of England, in favor of Italy, and the fervid manner he called for three cheers for the illustrious Garibaldi, so wrought up the feelings of his admiring audience, that the whole assembly instantly rose from their seats and gave, and that lustily, three such cheers as an English audience only can give, and three cheers more, and one more to finish.

The lecturer then proceeded to France, and the French, Louis Napolean and his Court, state of parties in France, probabilities of the future, in which he displayed an acumen, tact and knowledge that evinced how rapidly correct information and experience may be acquired whilst traveling, by those who are determined to seek for and to obtain it. The lecturer then concluded one of the most eloquent orations ever delivered, by making some very feeling and telling observations on the recent misunderstanding with our American cousins, reciting a beautiful poem, called, "John and Jonathan," showing how England and America, by mutual charity, forbearance, union, and co-operation, may rule the world and give laws to the whole human family.

One of the most pleasing features of the evening's entertainment was the enthusiasm with which the audience received every reference made by the speaker to the better understanding which is beginning to prevail, between England and the United States. At the conclusion, a vote of thanks, and three hearty cheers from the entire assembly, were accorded to the speaker for his able and instructive lecture. In proposing the vote of thanks to Mr. Train, the Secretary of the Society, Mr. Sales, took occasion to read the subjoined parody, entitled—

TRAMWAYS, OR NO TRAMWAYS?

The Tram, or not the Tram, that is the question,
Whether 'tis shrewder in a man to suffer
The dingy, narrow and outrageous busses;
Or, to take tickets for George Train's Tram-carriage,
And, by opposing, floor them? To ride, to lounge,
No more: and by a lounge, to say we end
The feet ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That boots are heirs to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To ride; to lounge—
To lounge! perchance to muse; aye, there's the knot
For in that car of Train's what thoughts may come,
As we go smoothly o'er the metal coil
Must wake us up. That's the idea
Which makes the old bus firm of so long life;
For who would bear the harsh rebound of spring;
The rattling windows, the fat lady's company,
The rasp of steel-bound skirts, the timed delay,
The insolence of coachey, or the chaff
That modest riders from the conductors take,
When he himself might his safe journeyings mak
In a fair carriage? Who would mount the roof,
To chafe and slip upon a knife-board bare,
But that the thought of cancelling the law,
The most tremendous power which had fixed
The present Act of Highways, puzzles a cove,
And makes him rather use the roads we have,
Than fly to one the statutes know not of!
Thus Parliament makes cowards of us all!
And thus the Foreign Spirit of Speculation
Is twaddled over in parochial votes:
And enterprise of great use and value,
With this regard, are forc'd to raise their lines
And lose the name of roadways.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON SLAVERY AND UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

"IS AMERICAN SLAVERY TO THE NEGRO A STEPPING-STONE FROM AFRICAN BARBARISM TO CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION?"

[*From the London American of March* 19, 1862.]

Mr. Train.—Slavery, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, is as old as the Bible—older, for man existed before parchment, and owned slaves, before he commenced writing for the *Times*,—in which he lived. (Laughter.) You all know why I put the question on the paper—wherever the American war has been discussed, each speaker seems to have felt it his duty to give the Americans a homily on slavery. Hence, it occurred to me that a subject which had occupied your Broughams,—your Wilberforces, your Buxtons, your Clarksons—for more than a quarter of a century, was wide enough for a Forum debate without the collateral issues which stifle sound logic and swamp honest argument. (Applause.) It was generous in me to take the unpopular side, and, perhaps, too bold to rashly throw the gauntlet to the clever men that have come in to-night to crush me with abolitionism. (Laughter and applause.) But fear not for me, I will make good my cause and oblige you to admit that American slavery is a stepping-stone *to the negro* from African barbarism to Christian civilization! Hence, a Divine Institution. ("Oh," and dissent.) Gentlemen, you murmur, but you have no right to trifle with the mysterious ways of Providence. Whatever is, is right; man proposes, God disposes. He arranged the plan of civilization I defend, not man.

When you will explain why, in His wisdom, He made one mountain overtop another mountain—formed one ocean larger than another ocean—planned one valley wider than another valley; when you can make me understand why He made the oak stronger than its neighbor—the rainbow more beautiful than the storm-cloud—the lily more lovely than the lilac; when you will tell me the reason that Providence ordained that the fair Saxon should be permitted to express, in the blush upon her face, all the emotions of her soul, while the African knows not the signification of the word—(applause)—when these things are made clear to me, I will tell you how and why He has made the African the servant of the Anglo-Saxon race, but not till then. (Cheers.) They were born and bred servants, they cannot be masters. I have been in Africa, and nowhere did I learn that the Nubian had ever been other than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. For forty centuries they have borne the burden. We may regret their position, but we cannot change the laws of God. The obelisks and hieroglyphics of the past have stamped their occupations. Africa is a desert—America a garden—mind you, I speak of that portion of the great Ethiopean country that cultivates the English staple of slavery. ("Oh! it is not a modern institution.") No, I admit that slavery is no new institution—did I not open the debate with that statement? It is as old as the world of the geologists. All ages have owned their slaves. Examine the archives of time. Chaos before Cosmo—then the lower animals, then man, concentrating something from all, but created in the image of his Creator. Man required society. Society must have laws. Laws constitute government. Hence, government is civil law, controlling property, liberty, life. This was the primitive state. The people elect governors; the most intellectual are chiefs. First, it was physical courage, then mental energy, superiority; hence slavery. You find it in every age. From Chaldea it went to Egypt, to Arabia, to all Eastern lands, and finally all over the world. I found them everywhere in my travels, but under different names. In Homer's day all war prisoners in Greece were slaves. The Lacedemonian youth were trained to trap them, and afterwards butcher them. Three thousand prisoners were slaughtered on one occasion by these *manly* Spartans merely for amusement. Three centuries before the Christian era, Alexander destroyed Thebes, and sold into abject slavery, the entire population. Slaves in chains, received the banquet guests in the Roman mansions. The laws of the XII Tables made insolvent debtors slaves until the debt was paid; and

only forty-two years before Christ, Polio fattened his lampreys on the slaves that offended him! Twelve years before that Cœcilius Isidorus left 4,116 in his will to his heir. Twenty-two centuries, (says Dr. Morton,) before Christ, we see in the monuments of Egypt, Caucasian and negro as master and slave. Gliddon's "Types of Man," pictures the negro dancing in handcuffs in the streets of Thebes three thousand four hundred years ago! The negro is always painted a slave on the vases found in the tombs of Etruria. He has not made in Africa one progressive step, since his characteristics were shown on the gravestones of the kings. I make these preparatory comments in reply to the gentleman who said it was not purely an English institution, in order to bring my points to bear upon the question, so as to prove to your satisfaction that American slavery is a *stepping-stone* to the improvement of the African.

England had the best of examples for introducing slavery into the Western World. (Hear.) But let us not trust to profane historians—take sacred writers. Read the Bible and observe the bondsmen—the laws that regulate their sale and purchase. Notice the numbers owned by Abraham, by Isaac, by Jacob. Moses, too, had so many, he made laws to govern the slave-owner. What were the bondsmen and bondsmaids of the ancients but slaves? Dr. Wayland says that the Hebrews held slaves since the conquest of Canaan—and it was on Canaan that the badge of servitude fell. Abraham owned one thousand. Even Whitfield did not call it a sin. Read 25th Leviticus—read 21st Exodus—where the slave is called money—"When his master shall bore his ear through with an awl, and he shall own him for ever." Polygamy, divorce, murder, incest, the Bible precepts forbade, but placed no ban on slavery I find no law against it in the Scriptures. Even Moses delivered up a fugitive slave—(hear, hear)—but it does not follow that I advocate it in perpetuity. (Continued applause.) The fact is, men in our day would be hung for what then hardly occasioned a rebuke. "Servants obey your masters," was the Divine law, and St. Paul endorsed it. If the Author of Christianity had not approved of it, His goodness and his honor must necessarily have rejected it. The Old Testament sanctioned it, the New gives no word nor sign against it—but laws regulating it are recorded in both. St. Paul had time to give directions about the cut of a coat, or to say polite words to King Agrippa, but nowhere records anything against slavery; on the contrary, in his letter to his friend Philemon, to whom he consigns his own son Onesimus —"Whom I have begotten in my bonds." Does he not say "which in time past was to thee *unprofitable*, but now *profitable* to thee and me?" One would suppose that slavery is purely of American origin, if trained by the modern philanthropists, but it seems to be a plant of very ancient growth. But pass by the barbarous days, come back to Christian England. Saxon Alfred made laws as to the sale of slaves, and it is well known that in Saxon and Norman times the children of the English peasantry were sold in the Bristol market like cattle for exportation!—some went to Ireland, some to Scotland. Wat Tyler's rebellion in 1381 arose from serfdom. Edward VI. branded V on the breast of any one who lived idle for three days, and the buyer owned him for two years as his slave. He could oblige him to work by beating and chaining him; let him absent himself for a fortnight, and, with a brand upon his cheek, he was made a slave for ever! His neck, his leg, or his arm could be circled with rings of iron, and these were Saxon England's laws! Even in 1547 a runaway apprentice became by statute a slave. This hasty glance at the past brings us down to the base of our argument, when England stamped African slavery into the American soil. Sir John Hawkins (1563) was not long in following the Portuguese in profiting by the Congo and Angola traffic in Africans—perhaps England, even at this early day, thought of this method of Christianizing Africans. (Laughter, and "Good.") Queen Elizabeth was an accomplice, and the English Anne was joint partner with the Spanish Philip in dividing profit in the 144,000 slaves stipulated for in the Assiente treaty! England, I say, may thus early have had the praiseworthy idea of civilizing this God-forsaken race by firmly planting in the West the Bible staple of slavery. (Laughter.) England has been consistent from the first—all the Georges were engaged in it. The diamonds in the Royal Crown, now worn by your Queen, were bought by the proceeds arising from the sale of your negroes, and as your former Queens, your Government and your people were all so largely engaged in the traffic, it is most unfair to presume that they had any other motive in view in carrying on this wholesale trade in human flesh than the Christianizing of the savage! (Laughter.) Even the capital in which you established the East India Company and the Bank of England, was furnished from the profits of the African slave trade.

Any one at all acquainted with English characteristics—knowing how disinterested they are in all matters of personal interest, and how little they care for that which most nations seek for—money—and how all their efforts for a period of centuries has been to benefit other lands instead of their own—(laughter)—will not for a moment credit the

unpleasant rumors that have got abroad that England had any sordid object in view. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) Assuming, then, the generous view, that the civilization of the African was the object, I proceed to condense my whole argument into a few paragraphs to show how successful England has been in her philanthropy, and during the next five minutes, will convince the most skeptical, that American slavery to the negro is a *stepping stone* in the right direction. In order to bring my point straight home to your comprehension, I shall lay before you bone by bone, the skeleton on which I base the argument. I shall analyze and divide the whole question into affirmatives and negatives, and making you acknowledge individual points, I shall compel you to admit the collective argument.—("We'll see!" and applause.)

PHYSICALLY.

Is not the meagre, thin, long, chop-fallen, half-starved savage, as you find him a prisoner of war in negro land, a barbarian, compared to the happy, contented, well developed, strong, hearty, well clothed, well fed, negro slave in his Christianized state of American Slavery? Answer me, gentlemen—yes, or no, as I give you point by point. ("Yes," and applause.) That much admitted, take him INTELLECTUALLY and MENTALLY. The physical effects, the intellectual—take care of the body, and you improve the mind. The muscles of your brain grow by action, as the muscles of the body become stronger by exertion. ("That's so,") A man's arm is like a woman's before he trains for the prize-fight; but action makes the cords appear like iron; so it is with the mind, hence the emaciated physique gives perforce an emaciated intellect. I ask you to look on the miserable. weak-minded animal in Africa, who knows not the sweets of labor, or Bible schools, Bible societies, or Christian preachers—makes no statues, paints no portraits, writes no books, and contrast him in his improved state in the West, where he has a higher order of talent to shape his thoughts;—look at moles, and your ideas become moley; look at mountains, and they become mountainous. In Africa, he had no higher example. In America, the Caucasian race has elevated his intellect, as it has improved his physique, and I ask again, has not the barbarian, which you admit in the one case, made progress in the other? ("Yes," and applause.)

COMMERCIALLY.

The African savage never benefitted mankind as an African savage (for their palm oil, their elephants' tusks, and traffic in human flesh is the commerce of the white man;) but as an American slave has he not grown corn, cotton, sugar, rice, tobacco, and coffee. and thus helped to civilize the world more than all the missionaries in Christendom? ("Yes," and applause.)

FINANCIALLY,

The argument applies—what finance has he in Africa? No circulating medium, no exchequer bills, no currency, nothing but human beings constitute the coin in their barter trade; while in America, does not his labor, based on the commerce it produces, regulate exchanges, rule markets, stimulate finance? Is not the Atlantic Ocean bridged with letters of credit?—perhaps not now, since our blockades is so effectual—(laughter)—proving that the African financially stands in a higher position as an American slave than as a negro barbarian! ("Yes," and applause.)

MECHANICALLY.

What arts, sciences, instruments; what ingenuity has the negro in his barbarian state ever shown? Nothing; but in our American slavery, he has seen in the white man a higher order of mankind; and there are now mechanics, carpenters, smiths, metal workers among slaves. Will any gentleman dispute it? (No.) Am I stating facts? (Yes.) Then gentlemen, take care, or I shall make you admit the entire argument, piece by piece, before I come to the climatrix.—(Laughter.)

SOCIALLY.

I see gentlemen, what you are all waiting for—you all expect me to be floored upon the moral, social and religious point of view. You have admitted my former propositions, believing that I should break down upon the moral view of the subject, forgetting, as you do, that all the previous points which I have made in the affirmative—PHYSICALLY, INTELLECTUALLY, COMMERCIALLY, MECHANICALLY (and I could have added agriculture and manufactures)—bear direct on the social, religious, and moral aspect of the case. But I do not require their assistance, although each one of them proves the affirmative of the question under discussion. I now take it up SOCIALLY. The African has no social ties, no sacred rights, no family pleasures, and is a cannibal; while as an American slave he goes to church, sings psalms, laughs, reads tracts, shoots birds, dances round the plantation fires, and is the happiest laborer I have ever witnessed in my extensive travel.—(Cheers, and "That's so" from the Southerners.) Will you admit that, as the

American slave never eats his own or other people's children, that American slavery is Christianity contrasted with the barbarism of cannibalism? (Applause, "yes," and "no," from two voices.) The Hon. Colonial Secretary from Sierra Leone says no; then I will give him an opportunity of proving the negative; but I have with me a higher authority that says yes. Although perhaps, not strictly parliamentary, will you allow me to read a letter received from one of the most distinguished men of this century with whom I have been corresponding, which admits what the gentlemen from the African coast denies. The letter, gentlemen, is from the distinguished poet and abolitionist, M. Victor Hugo. You may remember his celebrated picture on the John Brown raid —simply a black fore-ground, with a man hanging in the distance, while the light of abolition is breaking in the sky beyond! Victor Hugo wrote a letter to the engraver, commemorating the act as the dissolution of the American Empire. On this I wrote him, proposing to prove to him, as I shall do to you before I get through, that Mr. Seward's prophetic IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT, as inaugurated by the John Brown raid (*in which Mr. Seward was in no way implicated.*) that so far from destroying our republic it would give it a lease for another hundred years. (Cries of "Read, read.") I will translate it into English.

"Your opinion, sir, is true upon the first phase of slavery, but it is not all so in the second. It is evident that slavery wrested its prey from the eaters of human flesh, but it has only progressed in regard to cannibalism; whenever it finds itself in the presence of Christianism, and, above all, of human reason, it must abdicate under penalty of becoming monstrous.—The persistency of the Southern States in slavery is the greatest moral deformity of the nineteenth century. (Applause.) You see, sir, that we differ in our points of view. However I am not for that less sensible to the sentiment of sympathy expressed in your honorable letter in such warm words, and I pray you to accept the assurance of my esteem.

(Signed) "VICTOR HUGO.

"Hauteville House, Feb. 25, 1861."

In reply, I argued with him as with you, by saying, as he admits the first phase of my proposition, a system that rescues humanity from man-eaters must have some divinity in its origin—Religiously and morally, all the heads under which I have classified the arguments are subordinate to this—the barbarian meets civilized man and improves as far as he can. Education may develop, but cannot originate mind. Color is not the only thing that marks him. *You must first put inside his thick skull nine cubic inches more of brain!* He may possess the two hundred and forty-eight bones, the four hundred muscles, the fifty-six joints on hands and feet, the twenty miles of arteries that make the white man—and those who approach them in summer will testify that they also have the seven millions of pores (laughter); but the brain, the organ of thought is not there; for the negro, while a man in body, is in mind a child.

Three types of man landed in the American forests, and are well represented by three classes of the horse tribe—*the Indian was the Zebra, you could never tame him; the white man was the Arab horse, the living picture of strength and progress* (hear, hear); *the negro was the donkey* (laughter), *who did the labor, and in that way carried out* HIS *destiny.*

All men are not born "free and equal." I deny it. The Creator's plans cannot be thwarted by a turn of words in the nation's declaration of independence. Jefferson may have intended to say that all *white* men were born free and equal; but if he did so he was wrong, because they are not. All are different—no two things are alike—no drop in the ocean, leaf in forest, sand in mountain, fish in sea, flower in garden. How, then, can races be the same? Each land has its *fauna*, its *flora*, and its humanity. This has been so in all ages. The *Arab*, the *Egyptian*, the *Negro*, are as distinctly chiseled in the monuments forty centuries ago as are the *wild dog*, the *greyhound*, and the *turnspit*. The type never dies! (Applause.) Geology shows the different strata of the earth; ethnology teaches us the different strata of men—the negro is the *Paleozoic*.

As there are no teachers, no schoolmasters, no mechanics' associations, no Christian ministers, nothing for the African to look up to in Africa, how expect improvement, morally or religiously, unless transplanted to another climate, where his eyes, his ears, and senses are taught, without much effort, the common rudiments of education. Concentrate your thoughts on Lilliput, and your mind becomes Lilliputian; but centre your gaze on Gulliver, and your views consequently become Gulliverian! (Applause.) My forty minutes are nearly exhausted, and I ask you to run along the edge of my argument and tell me if I have not proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that *American slavery to the Negro is a stepping-stone from African barbarism to Christian civilization.* (Loud cheers, and "No" from Mr. Edwards.) One gentleman says no, and yet all have admitted, as I put bone and bone together, and laid before you my plan, that, carrying as you have done any portion of the argument in my favor, it naturally bears with it the whole; and the collateral issues that I

have raised were merely the veins, arteries, blood, and flesh, that I have filled into the framework; and if I have occupied a few minutes more, it is in order to put boots, and trousers, and coat, and hat upon my Christianized African, and let him stand before you an improved human being, with nine cubic inches less of brain than the Caucasian race, that has assisted him up one stepping-stone towards the temple of Christian freedom. (Cheers.)

But Mr. Edwards said no! I will then convince him, by firing another arrow in my quiver. Read the recent parliamentary correspondence of Dahomey, regarding the inhuman acts of that barbarous people. King Gezo, not many months ago, died. In accordance with their usual custom, the great king must have a great funeral. Seven thousand negroes were to be tortured, mutilated, and burned to ashes over the funeral pile of the dead king—but owing to the high price of slaves, arising from England's ravenous demand for cotton—(cheers)—still, as you observe, at her old work of Christianizing the Heathen — (laughter) — negroes commanded too high a price at Dahomey to permit the royal treasury to luxuriate in such gigantic torture, hence the successors of the dead king tore away from their families only eight hundred little children and old men, young girls, and aged women, and sacrified them with their instruments of torture in honor of the dead chief, in accordance with the barbarous funeral rites of that unhappy land!

By purchasing slave-grown produce, England again did something for civilization in this case, as she did three centuries ago, when Sir John Hawkins landed his first cargo on the American shore. (Laughter and applause.) Now, as Mr. Edwards cannot give me a single instance where any American slave on the American plantation has been sacrificed over the funeral pile in a similar manner—or point to a single instance of Cannibalism, he certainly must now admit by this last shot in my locker, that a system which does away with this inhuman practice —that Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell have in vain tried to uproot in Africa —must be beneficial to the African barbarian, and gives me the affirmative of the argument that To the Negro, American Slavery is a stepping-stone from African barbarism to Christian civilization.

Several speakers were on their feet at once in reply—and each in his turn attacked Mr. Train in the stronghold he had built around his argument. He baffled his antagonists by the way he put the question—they evidently looking at the debasement of the white man more than the elevation of the negro. So many were desirous of speaking, Mr. Train moved the adjournment of the debate to Monday evening, March 17th. This was carried, and on that evening the hall was packed—most of the speakers being against Mr. Train—who rose to order, and asked them not to argue on what he was *going* to say, but upon what he *had* said. He told them that he had paved one stepping-stone—and asked them how they were able to interpret his thoughts. "How do you know," said he, "but what the real stepping-stone is *Universal Emancipation*."

CONCLUSION OF MR. TRAIN'S GREAT SPEECH ON SLAVERY.

Mr. Train says America's mission is for white people—England's for blacks—hence recommends Lord Shaftesbury to give his attention to Africa—as a wider field for his well-known philanthropy. This speech will attract attention by the boldness of its theories—and the new light he has thrown upon some old ideas. As he has so often foreshadowed events during the Revolution, he may have again anticipated the policy of the Administration.

Mr. Train,—Inasmuch, Mr. Chairman and gentleman, as this is the fifth night of the debate—and inasmuch as thirteen experienced debaters have been firing hot shot into the fortification I built around my argument —while only two speakers came to my assistance—and inasmuch as I adopted the unpopular side of the question to give life to the debate—the least I can expect is that you will yield to me the same fairness you have given to others—(hear, hear)—and not interrupt me unless under mis-statement—no matter how direct may be the fire of my batteries—until I have fully satisfied you that the point I took when opening the debate has not in any point been assailed. (Oh, and laughter.) I knew the result at the start—I knew the question was so worded that nothing could shake my position.—Hence, as no one has confuted my argument —(oh)—I have a right to demand the same latitude in reply that you have accorded to others—(hear)—and if I tread rather unceremoniously on the prejudices of the English people—you should remember how severely I have been attacked. So fair play and no favor—(hear and applause)—and I will do my best to pay in gold the paper drafts which have been made upon me—and if I use the weapon of ridicule and satire, it is in order to spice the logic and reason with

which I shall confound my enemies! (Hear, hear.) In my opening speech I met their figures of rhetoric with my figures of arithmetic, making all admit the *stepping-stone*, save those so blind that they would not see! —That admitted, they wished me to go further, hence ripped up the whole question of the African slave-trade, West Indian emancipation, and American slavery.—Proving my first step, to the satisfaction of every intelligent mind, it may come to pass, before I conclude, that I am more of an abolitionist than you are. ("Oh," and cries of "You have a queer way of showing it.") Does not the order of nature give sensation before thinking—creeping before walking—crying before language—and coarseness before culture—superstition before intellectual education—experience before wisdom—and barbarism before civilization? (Hear, hear.) So, American slavery precedes the emancipation of the African slave? (Applause.) I kept my argument rattling against the *bull's-eye* of the question, while my opponents did not hit the target at all—hence it is useless for me to bring any more facts to bear upon the *stepping-stone*,—but will take up one by one, as my memory serves me, the points of the other debaters, in order to show how ridiculous by a little analysis they can be made to appear. (No personalities!) The gentleman says no personalities, and yet they have endeavored to hammer me into a gold leaf. —I did intend commencing at the alpha, walking along towards the omega—but as there are many new speakers here to-night, I will reverse the argument, walking backward snail-like, as some of the other speakers have done (laughter), by taking up the last debater. His great point was, that slavery was based on piracy, robbery, debauchery, and murder—hence it could have nothing to do with Christianity.

Now, gentlemen, this is the platform on which the world was built. (Oh! and dissent.) You dissent—but here are a few thousand years of history crowded into one paragraph.—Cain murdered—Lot sotted—Onan onanized—David Uriahized—Moses plotted—and Jacob cheated—Solomon Mormonized—Noah inebriated—Peter lied—Judas betrayed.—(Sensation.)—Yet, while all these bad men were slave owners—each representing a fair type of the Confederate Cabinet—none of them were so debauched in immorality as that cabinet have been by Negro slavery, as to have been guilty of the terrible crime of high treason against the grandest government the world ever saw! (Loud cheers.) The gentleman gave such a picture of the African slave trade, showing the manacled position of the slave, that an ungenerous mind might have had the suspicion—as he comes from that enterprising Nutmeg State of Connecticut—that he had commanded a slaver, (laughter, and hear, hear,) and the details he gave as to slave owners selling negro babies by the pound, might lead us to suppose that at some period of his life, he was also directly interested in the domestic slave trade as well (Oh, and laughter.) He says, while holding high my country's flag during the reign of Secessia in England, he was one of the loudest to cheer me; but he felt it to be a disgrace to be an American—to hear the Union champion advocating negro slavery, (applause); and yet, before I finish, I shall prove myself more of an abolitionist than he is. (Hear, hear, and prove it.) His abolitionism, like Lord Shaftesbury's, is theoretical—mine may prove practical—he talks, I act.—My plan may benefit the slave by being honest, while Exeter Hall abolitionism is the basest kind of hypocrisy. (Oh, cheers, and dissent) He says, a great statesman, whose superiority Mr. Train acknowledges—fell from the height he had raised himself in New England, by selling himself to the slave owners, and he compliments me by galvanising me into so important a personage, that a storm of indignation would reach me from Boston, as greeted him there on his arrival from Washington.—Now, Mr. Chairman, *first*, I never acknowledged Mr. Webster my superior. (Loud cheers, laughter and applause.) *Second*, My inherent modesty (renewed laughter,) would not allow me to suppose—that my humble opinions would stimulate the American people into exhibiting any such feats of gymnastics as he has pictured. (Laughter.) They did give up a fugitive slave in my native city—and by obeying the sacred mandate of the law under the Constitution—proved how little cause the conspirators had for the ungodly rebellion which agitated our land. (Cheers.) Several speakers plunged into the horrors of the middle passage as he had done. Admit, that England for three centuries has Macadamized the bed of the Atlantic Ocean with the skulls of the negro. (Oh!) Admit all these horrors that weigh heavy upon England's shoulders, but acknowledge that, had she allowed the same free trade in the emigration of the black man, that regulates other races, how many millions of lives she might have saved in her praiseworthy efforts to Christianize the heathen. (Oh, and cheers.) It was the squadron on the coast—the mistaken philanthropy, in making the negro emigration *illegal*, that caused the horrors of the middle passage, while my plan would have been to have opened the way in comfortable ships like the Great Eastern—(cheers)—which would have carried out the Exeter Hall platform on a more Christian basis—(oh! and applause)—but with my permission she shall not bring any more of them to America. (Laughter.) America's

mission is to look out for white men, while England's mission is to Christianize the blacks. Why should England give all her attention to slavery as it exists in America? Why not talk with Portugal and the Emperor of Brazil? Why not send their abolition speakers to Cuba instead of taking in that old slave catcher and slave trader—repudiating old Spain, whose Government stocks she refuses to quote on the London Stock Exchange—into a full partnership, into the Anglo-Gallic fillibustering firm recently established in the garden land of the Montezumas! (Cheers.) How is it that England has no sympathies for her own colliers, her own miners, and hard-worked operatives? (Oh!) How is it that Lord Shaftesbury and the Duchess of Sutherland have selected this one race for their especial protection? No word of kindness for the white Circassian sold in the slave marts of old Stamboul! No pity for the poor Boers in Southern Africa! No thought of the red Indian she formerly sold on English soil—nor a word of pity for the dark native of Hindostan, she sent to wear his life away on the sugar plantations of the Mauritius. No sympathy for the yellow-faced son of Confucius whom I have seen her kidnap in the China Seas, and bear him away under the philanthropic flag of England, through similar horrors of the middle passage, vividly described by the last speaker—to perish on the dry arid rocks of the Chincha Islands, where he digs the guano which is sold in England to cultivate the soil in order to give you food—(Cheers—or sells him under the Coolie system to the Spanish planter, where he ekes out a few years of miserable existence, and lays him down in a stranger grave, far away from the land of his ancestors, with this simple epitaph—*worked to death through the Christian philanthropy of Exeter Hall.* (Oh! and hear, hear.)

I say, why is it, gentlemen, that England's sympathies are only for this Ethiope race? I will tell you—simply because it was fashionable—and one of my objects in bringing forward this question is to smash the Exeter Hall platform into so many pieces that its most enthusiastic disciples will never be able again to connect them together. (Dissent.) Abolitionism in England, means the destruction of the Western Empire! More hate, envy, jealousy against the white race, than sympathy, affection, or love for the black. (Oh! and cheers.) Northerner as I am by birth and education, I have been so often insulted at the hospitable table of England in defending my country, my people, and my flag against the question of the negro, which was not a Northern institution, that it almost made a pro-slavery man of me, as my nationality was sufficiently wide to cover all the institutions of my country. (Cheers.) In this, I agree with Webster. I know no North, no South, no East, no West.—when England abused America on account of an institution which she has planted there—her vituperations against my own land were too apparent not to be offensive—and living in England throughout the entire *reign of Secessia*, I saw her inconsistency by falling suddenly in love with the treacherous reptiles that raised their fabric of treason on the corner-stone platform of American slavery, and my annoyance culminated into disgust, when I saw Lord Shaftesbury refuse to attend a meeting of clergymen in that same Exeter Hall—a meeting of Christian preachers called together to offer up prayers to Almighty God for peace between England and America! (Hear, hear.) You see that when sixty millions of white people are to be saved, Lord Shaftesbury does not wish to embarrass the Government. (Shame.) Now you have the secret of why I put this question before you. It was to show the Dishonesty, the Humbug, the Cant, of the Exeter Hall disciples, who would involve sixty millions of respectable white people in war to gratify their selfish appetites for African charities. ("Oh." and "hear, hear!") Better be an honest American slave than a dishonest Anti-Slavery freeman! Servitude like happiness is only comparative—good is comparative.—so is evil.—so is light, heat, air,—all comparative. Liberty, when mistaken for license—servility when mistaken for civility—is as bad as to place the servant in the master's chair. The Creator made the world to suit himself—not Exeter Hall.—His tenants were of his own choosing. Having a taste for colors, as shown in the rainbow, the dolphin, the flower-garden, and the forest, he carried out his fancy in color, shape, and capacity of man.—(Applause)—In nature large fish swallow little fish,—large trees draw the sap from little trees—large oceans drink up the rivulets.—so that race that possesses most governing power, rules. (Hear.) The negro never was Governor—American slaves sleep under the palm tree—quote scripture, and have fewer crimes than any other race,—as the churning of milk maketh butter—as the ringing of the nose bringeth blood—so England's Abolition nonsense was introduced on the Slave question in order to bring contention among the Americans. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

To show how well they have succeeded, I point you to the present Civil War, where brother hews down brother with a blood-thirstiness that ought to satisfy the most rabid disciple of Exeter Hall. (Oh!) Leave America alone for awhile—*Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house*, ye Abolitionists—*lest he be weary of thee and so hate thee!*—Let Lord Shaftesbury explain "the way

of the eagle in the air—the way of a serpent on the rock—the way of a ship in the waters of the sea"—before he tries to raise the negro above the kitchen. Since Ham rejoiced at Noah's intoxication—since Judah dishonored his child—since Moses broke the Commandments on the mountain—the negro race has swept the house, made the fires, done the cooking, and always gone out to service Tribulation worketh patience—patience maketh experience — experience bringeth hope. Hence, I believe, with Edward Everett, "that American slavery is to be the ultimate civilization of Africa"—Nature's laws are indestructible. The Creator first made the inanimate world—then the vegetable kingdom—then the serpent tribe;—out of them came the fish, then the fowls of the air, then the brute creation; but his master-piece was man! He divided the world into two climates, and peopled it with his children. I believe with Agassiz that the world was peopled by nations, not in pairs. As there were degrees in vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms, so he instituted degrees in the human race.—Naturalists point out our ancient stepping-stones—the monkey—the ape—the baboon—cutting off the tail of the gorilla in order to make the Australian—(laughter)—the lowest type of man—then the African—the Malayan—the Mongolian—the Caucasian—making up that noble specimen of civilization, the Englishman—("hear," and applause)—finishing off with the progressive type of man—who combines the virtues of the past, and endeavors to avoid its vices—THE AMERICAN! (Cheers and laughter.) One gentleman asks if the separation of families at the slave auction, and the sale of your own flesh and blood, is an instance of civilization? Certainly not. Such is not now the case—public opinion has become the public law—families are not divided as in former times. ("Oh!" and "It is not true!) I know that I am right, gentlemen. I saw the advertisement for the sale of the negroes on Pierce Butler's estate in Georgia—in bankruptcy—children were not separated from their parents, nor wives from their husbands, and, since which, this exception has now become the rule. You are not the first to speak about selling one's flesh and blood—hence, I remind you of the law of England, that permits you to seduce the poor man's child, but only compels you to pay two shillings and sixpence per week for its maintenance. (No!) I say it is the law of bastardy—(hear, hear)—and if the inhuman planter does dispose of his own flesh and blood, as you have alleged, so long as you continue to pay the present prices for cotton, he does not sell his own offspring for half-a-crown per week. ("Hear," laughter, and cheers.) The slavery of your army white man is more abject than the Southern negro!—"One is voluntary, the other is not.") Exactly, hence the soldier who would desert is as much a slave as the negro—I believe there are as many slaves who would not accept freedom as soldiers. The slaves cling to their masters from affection; while the soldier or the operative remains solely for his food and raiment—what do they care about their officers and employers, or even sovereign, beyond the protection or support which, directly or indirectly, they afford them? The law obliges the one to place himself in the ranks to be shot down, and if he refuses, objects, hesitates—if he dares to desert, or show the least insubordination, he is strung up and put under the lash! The whip is applied oftener on the Saxon soldier—if I may judge from your newspapers—than on the American slave. Augustine called poesy "the wine of demons." Bacon says, "the mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." What often appears mountains in the distance to the navigator, proves to be vapor as you approach—so the cruelties you picture to the American slave are simply the offspring of a willing fancy. "It is ignorance and not knowledge that rejects instruction; it is weakness, not strength, that refuses co-operation"—so is it envy and not generosity that stimulates abuse; jealousy against the white man, not affection for the African, that characterizes your abolition sentiments—*envy keepeth no holidays*. You would give me strength of memory which I cannot claim, and the powers of debate which I do not possess, were you to expect me to answer all the sallies aimed at me during a five-night debate, but I will show you the absurdity of one or two similies advanced.

Mr. Edwards pictured a poor girl in her dirty home in a dirty village, brought to London by some noble lord—educated, dressed in silks and satins—the price of which was her loss of virtue, as illustrative of the negro free in Africa, and a slave in America. All this is beautiful in theory, but its non application will be seen by my asking a question. Might she not have lost her virtue in the dirty home he pictured—(hear, cheers, and laughter)—without the collateral advantages of education, &c., which he portrayed? for it is not notorious that the negro had lost his freedom in Africa for centuries? Negro enslaved negro before the white man entered the field; and you will find upon the records of time that Africa holds all the patents for the original institution. (Hear, hear.) He asked also if the education of the Jew boy, Montara, was a justification for the crime of kidnapping. Now, Mr. Chairman, I ask of you if the education of the Jews and prostitution—however able Mr. Edwards may be

to discuss these points—have anything to do with American slavery? (Hear, hear.) I answer them by relating a negro conversation under a hen-roost. "Pompey! don't you tink dat it am wrong to steal chicken belongin' to odder people?" "Cæsar! dat am a great moral question, dat you or I hab not de time nor de brain to lucidate. *Pass down another pullet.*" (Cheers, and loud and continued laughter.) I have read all the authors quoted and more—Lord Muncaster, Grosvenor Smith, Major Gray, Captain Morseby, Major Denham, Clapperton, Commodore Owen, Mr. Ashmun, Laird, Rankin, Colonel Nicholls, Mr. Oldfield, Captain Cook, Canot, and Dr. Livingston, and others, all of whom described the wretched state of the African, and the low state of civilization there, proving beyond dispute that there is a much wider field for Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Brougham, Exeter Hall, and Mr. Edwards in Africa, than they would ever find in America. (Hear, hear.) I appreciate Mr. Lee's honest views of abolition more than I do his argument, that the death of a friend of his increased population—the man while living opposed his daughter's marriage—he was killed, the daughter married and had children—hence increase in census! (Hear and laughter.) This would hold good were we not aware that in Scotland, and some other Christian countries, population had enormously increased without any marriages appearing in the records. (Loud laughter, and "That's so.") You must admit the African is not as intelligent as the Englishman—there are types in man, degrees in nature. Wilberforce, Clarkson, Romilly, Channing, Wayland, Darwin, Phillips, and even Mr. Lee—(hear, hear)—must admit this; they cannot believe the African equal to the Caucassian. Can you make a pointer out of a poodle? Can you get a peach out of a crab-apple? Can you grow an oak from a pea-nut? Can you change a carrot into a melon? Will a donkey produce an Arab horse? Can you bring a chicken out of an egg plant? Can you make an eagle out of a duck? or breed a lion out of a pole cat? (Hear, hear.) No, gentlemen, but under the Christianizing influence of modern science, it is much more reasonable that England will introduce a new trade of manufacturing silk purses out of sows' ears. The Roman Novelist Petronius, in Nero's time, described two literary men, who wished to hide a robbery they had committed on board a Levantine ship, by covering themselves with ink, in order to pass as Ethiopians, and thus escape detection:—if color alone could transform our shape, said Griton, it would be easy—artificial color besmears the body—but can we fill our lips with an ugly swelling? Crisp our hair with an iron? Mark our forehead with scars? distort our shanks into a curve? and draw our heels down to the earth? We must do all these things or the lie will not succeed. (Hear, hear.) But the hand of time points towards the midnight hour, and I must hurry on to my plan of abolition—so emancipation must be gradual. (Applause.)

Of the fifty millions now in Africa, some forty millions are still slaves. It was no unusual thing in former days to see the pens where the war prisoners were stored to fatten preparatory to being eaten. They were stall-fed for the market, and hung up and cut up as you would sell a sheep or an ox. Young girls were considered the greatest delicacies, but when tough with age they became beasts of burden. Guilty of all crimes, accustomed to the lowest acts of barbarians, always at war, strangers to education, civilization, and Christianity—brutalized by the lowest depravity—the question arises, no matter what the motive, has not his removal to America bettered his condition, improved his morals, elevated his mind? (Cheers.) Has not that been the first step towards regeneration? There can be but one response; and I have already proved my case that *American slavery to the negro* is a stepping-stone from AFRICAN BARBARISM TO CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION! (Cheers.) In conclusion, you are impatient for me to prove myself an abolitionist. (Yes! and time!) I shall not do it by having a servile war—or as you did it in the West Indies—to quote the *Times*: "*You not only emancipated every negro in the West Indies, but pretty nearly ruined every planter to boot.*" Cochrane went too fast in his New York speech when recommending the arming of the slaves—and Cameron was mistaken in dwindling down the glory of our nation to an abolition war—and that distinguished statesman, who never held an office,—that presidential politician, who never made a speech—and that great general who never fought a battle—Fremont,—came within an ace of running the ship upon the rocks in the breakers at St. Louis, by pledging the Cabinet to a servile war. ("Hear, hear," and applause.) Robespierre and Brisso, in 1791, tried the equalizing principle in St. Dimingo—and Alison has vividly painted the massacre, speaking of the Haytian drama, "*That negroes*," said he, "*marched with spiked infants on their spears, instead of colors; they sawed asunder the male prisoners, and violated the females on the dead bodies of their husbands.* The Cameron-Fremont policy would have produced similar anarchy on the Palmetto plantations, had it not been summarily checked by the strong arm of Lincoln, and the wise policy of the Secretary of State—and I cannot better express my sentiments on this question than by using the very

words of Earl Russell three nights ago in the House of Lords—I am—(said the noble "Earl in reply to Strathden)—sure that we "are all anxious that the sin and stain of "slavery should cease; but there is nothing "that we should look at with greater alarm "than an insurrection of four million of peo- "ple—the devastations, the horrors, the "pillage, the murders, which in the name of "liberty would be committed! We trust, "when the present contest shall end, the "emancipation of the negroes will be "brought about by peaceable means without "the loss of life or destruction of the pro- "perty of their masters. (Cheers.) It is "not owing to their masters that slavery now "exists in the Southern States; it is an "inheritance which they derived from this "country." (Hear, hear.) Such sentiments are worthy of this great statesman, who assisted by Argyle, and Gladstone, and Gibson—in carrying out the wishes of his Queen in checking Lord Palmerston from plunging England into an uncivilized and unchristian war with America. (Cheers, and "Where is your plan of emancipation?") You shall have it, gentlemen, so plainly that you cannot misunderstand it.—If you wish to reclaim the swampy morass, cut off the fountain that supplies it.—I classify my plan under four heads.

First—Abolish the African slave trade. We have done evil that good may come. Gordon is no more—the President has had the nerve in showing his honesty in suppressing that traffic, by baring his breast against powerful combinations, and hanging the first slaver ever executed under the laws of piracy. (Hear and applause.) Second—Having stopped the stream, we must drain the swamp, and fence in the pool—don't allow another foot of slave territory under the Union—draw a line of fire around the scorpion, by strong laws, so that he may burn to death if he attempts to cross it—these points cut off its supplies and fence it in. (Hear, hear.) Thirdly—Under this head I propose to emancipate the white people first, the Oligarchy must be destroyed. Now the Oligarchists are passing away with every victory. (Applause.) The only way to destroy this Oligarchy, and emancipate the millions of white people it has kept in check, is to cut off the political power of slavery. (Cheers, and that's good.) Five negroes must no longer give three votes to the platner, in order to give him a position in the councils of the nation, to hatch a plot for its destruction. (Not Constitutional.) Liberty was the acorn, and the Constitution was the flower pot in which it was planted—the sapling has out-grown its boundary—and the Constitution can easily be amended, so as to give the tree wider limits, now it has arrived to manhood. (Cheers.) The Seceding States have already lost their charters through their treason, and as territories might again be admitted as States under an amended Constitution. (Hear, hear.) I now come to the fourth point—having dammed off the streams, drained the land, emancipated the white people, the morass already begins to be a garden for the African. Now let us emancipate him. (Cheers.) Let the States pass a law under the guidance of the Constitution, compelling the planter, as a slight tax upon his treason, to give the slave his own labor one day in the week, to work out his own freedom—his price fixed at a fair value, and arranged under guarantees that the slave shall have that day as well as over hours to purchase his liberty—this knowledge stimulates ambition, gives him self-reliance, so that when he has earned his freedom, he is also educated to appreciate it. (Cheers.) The world will have before them a plan—public opinion will so act upon the planter that many will emancipate such slaves as can take care of themselves at once, the strong and active negroes should be made to work out the freedom of their parents and children where they are unable to do it themselves. This would strengthen the social ties, and, before a generation passed over, all the slaves may have educated themselves for freedom—the loss of the slave's labor to the planter for that day may raise the value of the cotton, so that the consumer pay a portion of the bill, and abolition England by purchasing that cotton will have earned the credit she has worked for so long, of bettering the condition of the negro slave. (Cheers and applause.) The swamp, gentlemen, will soon be fertilized by the enterprising Yankees, who will pour down to guide the negroes in their labor, and by superior industry make the Southern desert blossom like the Northern rose. (Applause.) And the Southern Cross will receive by this means its fairly-earned Northern Crown. (Cheers.) Delaware and the District of Columbia should emancipate their six thousand slaves on next Fourth of July—(cheers)—Missouri and Maryland follow suit on the next Anniversary of Washington—(cheers) Virginia and Kentucky must keep pace with public opinion, in order to join all the slave States in the great celebration of Eighteen-seventy-six, of General Emancipation on the First Centenary of our Glorious Union. (Loud cheers.)

In reply to one honorable speaker, who asked, if the slaves were set free at once, if they would not organize a system of their own—I thought that I had before proved that the African will not work without a master. The European combines and succeeds. The Asiatic race, also, understand the power in part of working in concert.

But the African has no idea of a joint-stock enterprise. They were always bondsmen—but they must not be called *slaves*. The work stinks almost as bad as the negro—not quite—for the negro's pores are always open! Enslaving debases, I admit, the enslaver—(hear, hear, and "That's so")—but, thus far, has elevated the slave. "True," and hear.) The Africans never combine. Persians, Asiatics, and Tartars have had armies, but who ever heard of such a thing as an African army, an African regiment, an African bank, an African joint-stock association of any kind? Be assured the negro is a one-horse mind, with a one-story intellect. (Laughter.) Under guidance, they will work—alone, they wallow in idleness. Nature never intended the negro to be our master, or even our equal, but our servants. Nature's plans are simple; her results are sublime. Every infant born is another link in Nature's chain. Progression is her first law. The sun comes on, and leaves us at the horizon, but is always moving. Little things make great things. Day breaks by degrees, and night comes on under a regular law. Barbarism always precedes civilization—(cheers)—mythology comes before theology—superstition before religion—ideal before the real—natural before spiritual. The superior follows the inferior throughout history; so freedom must succeed slavery. (Loud cheers.) Association succeeds progression, and development follows association. Creation is a study. Man is linked with everything in the animal, mineral, and vegetable world. The grain of corn is planted in the spring—it progresses, it associates, it developes. Man eats it in the morning—at night it becomes part of the blood, the flesh, and the bone, and the next day a portion of the brain—perchance a human thought working out some patent reaping machine. (Loud applause.) The world is worked on a wonderful system. The Creator made the negro as well as his master, and in making him he gave him bodily strength to make up for his mental weakness. (Hear.) The old kings and patriarchs of the Bible were bad men. In our day such crimes would have sent them to the gallows. (Laughter, and "Question.") Who questions it? (Renewed laughter.) Madame Tussaud would have had them all in the Chamber of Horrors. (Applause.) Their bondsmen did not fare so well as our slaves. Good comes out of evil. Astrology prepared the road for astronomy—alchemy preceded chemistry—soothsaying foreshadowed prophecy—and priestly traditions came before the wonderful realities of modern science. What then prevents American slavery from showing the door to general emancipation? (Cheers.) Where there is now land all was once water—and where there is now water all will sometime become land. Time is the leveler. Time will emancipate the negro. (Cheers.) The Almighty's ways are all his own. Corn and flowers may yet grow abundantly in the African desert. The gospel of Jesus will yet Christianize the heathen. Perhaps as it is doing through American slavery. (Hear.) The lion and the lamb some day will lie down together. Electricity will perhaps conduct the locomotive at two hundred miles the hour, as easily as it now sends messages as many thousands at a flash. Some invention will yet be made for this mysterious agency. Lightning may yet conduct away all disease from the home of man. The air itself may be controled with as much facility as the navigator sails his ship upon the waters. Time is the greatest inventor, and having convinced you—(No)--that American slavery was one stepping-stone, it may turn out that the American civil war will become another, perhaps the great and last stepping-stone which will bring universal freedom to the slave. (Loud Cheers.)

Will you give me two minutes more?—(hear, hear, and yes)—it is only to ask England to assist me in carrying out my plan—charity begins at home, and I want to get the Victor Hugos, the Sutherlands, and the clever George Thompsons, and John Brights, of abolition, to get England to pass the following resolutions:

Resolved, That from this day we will not wear a slave-grown cotton shirt—sleep between slave-grown cotton sheets—(hear)—wipe our faces with slave-grown cotton towels—use slave-grown cotton clothes on our children—or slave-grown cotton handkerchiefs; that we will not wear a particle of clothing—walk on a single carpet—or have anything to do with any article that requires a particle of slave-grown cotton in its texture. (Cheers.)

Resolved, That we and our men-servants, nor our maid-servants will not drink another drop of slave-grown coffee, or put another lump of slave-grown sugar in our tea.—(Cheers.)

Resolved, That we will eat no slave-grown rice, or corn, or grain. (Applause.)

Resolved, That we will never smoke another slave-grown cigar—take another pinch of slave-grown snuff—(laughter,)—or use another pipeful of slave-grown tobacco in the "Forum;" (cheers, and bad for Comber,)—that the five and a half-millions sterling revenue received for these articles be abolished by prohibiting them altogether.—(Cheers and applause.)

This will be consistency—I asked it for my cause—for you cannot be consistent and pay a direct premium in slavery, by buying at high prices the product of the slave.

(Hear, hear, and that's so.) My argument is closed. I thank you, gentlemen, for your courtesy and your attention, and ask you if I have not gone further than you have done in my abolitionism? (Hear, hear.) If not, I will conclude by saying, once for all, that I would do away with the *Christian mode of civilizing the heathen* (loud cheers); and that you may thoroughly appreciate how much of a reformer I am, I may mention that I would go further—I would also do away with the rumshops—close the opium-dens—I would abolish courts and prisons—I would have no bastards — no paupers — no Cyprians —no drunkards—I would do away with dice-box and cards—with envy, hatred, jealousy, slander, and all uncharitableness—I would seek to improve mankind by sweeping away vice and crime, and substituting virtue and happiness; and most assuredly I would do away with this accursed plan that England has introduced into our country of elevating the black-man by a system which has debased the white race, until it finally culminated in the most damning treason (loud cheers) ever recorded on the archives of time against the grandest Republic humanity has ever witnessed! (Loud and continued cheering.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON "PARDONING TRAITORS."

"WOULD CIVILIZATION BE ADVANCED BY THE SOUTH GAINING THEIR INDEPENDENCE?"

[*From the London American of March* 12, 1862.]

"Would civilization be advanced by the South gaining their Independence?" was the question discussed on Monday evening, March 10th, where Dr. Johnson once held forth:—"Sir," said he to Boswell, "let us take a walk down Fleet street."

Mr. Train:—Nine speakers have already spoken for the North, and none for the South. Whence this change? A few weeks ago, and you were all Secession; now, everybody is for the Union. (Hear.) As no one has touched upon the question in the paper, why should I? All you can expect is, that I should talk America, and wander from point to point as others have done—(laughter)—but I hail this change of tone as a happy omen. (Hear.) If a few salaried writers form public opinion in the Times—making England despise America—why should not the clever debaters that frequent this hall be allowed to represent the masses of your nation? (Hear, hear.)

ENGLAND HAS TURNED ENTIRELY ROUND.

England has turned completely round—the Trent has drawn all her fire—Mason drops down here like a spent shell—and our lands are bound to be more friendly than ever. (Hear.) I speak the voice of our people, when I tell you that none of us, disgusted as we may have been at your neutrality—(laughter)—endorse the strange speech of Lovejoy. (Cheers.) A pupil of the Shaftesbury school—and remembering that his brother was shot over his Abolition printing press in Illinois—you will not blame even him for feeling annoyed to see England's apparent forgetfulness of slavery, in sympathizing with the slave oligarchy that sought the ruin of our empire. (Hear.)

RISE AND DECLINE OF SECESSION IN ENGLAND.

I am glad to see that Secession is dead in England; Russell settled it in his blockade letter—and its rise and progress during twelve months is noticeable by Gregory's motion last year to aeknowledge the Confederacy—and this year vainly trying to put a question as to the blockade being effective! —Yancey's advocacy was weak as water; but Mason's letter was water diluted. It turns out that the six hundred ships that run the blockade were a few fifty ton schooners on the inland estuaries, and steamboats between Memphis and New Orleans! ("Oh," and "question.") Civilization was the point, and as every speaker has dodged it, you, of course, expect me to take it up. Well, then, the South does not possess the elements of civilization. (Oh.)

THE SOUTH UNABLE TO STAND ALONE.

If they cannot get on with the North—what can they do alone? They want a standing army and free trade!—that is a paradox. They want an oligarchy and immigration—that is a contradiction—for emigrants will not go where they have no representation. (Hear.) They want open ports and manufactures—that is also another impossibility. Even let them carry out their plans, and the Government is at a

dead lock for revenue—an export duty on cotton is an import duty in another form. (That's so.)

IT IS WITHOUT THE ELEMENTS OF CIVILIZATION.

Besides, as I said, the South has not the elements of civilization. (Oh—and hear.) Where are they then? Let the gentleman who interrupts me take all the advantage of his interruption and answer me if he can. (Hear, hear.) *Is it in jurisprudence?* Where are their Storys—their Kents—their Wheatons—their Parsons and their Bigelows? (Hear.) *Is it in Finance?* Where are their Bateses—their Peabodys—their Browns and their Sturgesses? *Is it in Commerce?* Where are their Goodhues—their Taylors—their Forbeses—their Appletons and their Grinnels. (Cheers.) *Is it in shipbuilding?* Where do you find their Webbs—their Mackays, and their Westervelts. *Is it sculpture?* Where are their Greenoughs — their Hosmers — and their Powers. (Applause.) *Is it in painting?* Where are their Alstons—their Stuarts, and their Benjamin Wests? (Cheers.) *Is it in manufactures?* There are no Manchesters, and Walthams, and Lowells, and Lawrences in the South. (Hear, hear.) *Is it in history?* Where are their Bancrofts—their Prescotts — their Sparks, and their Motleys? I can see nowhere in Secessia the elements civilization requires. *Is it in romance?* Where are their Washington Irvings—(Cheers.)—their Fennimore Coopers, and their Hawthornes? *Is it in poetry?* Show me where to find their Holmes—their Willises—their Lowells and their Longfellows—(Cheers.)—*Is it in Inventions?* Who filled the Exhibition of Fifty-one with improvements that still live in England? (Hear and applause.) Where did McCormick hail from? where Colt? whence came the Enfield Rifle?—Was Hobbs a Southerner? and who furnished the Secession *Times* and *Telegraph* and three-fourths the Journals in London with presses to abuse America during the Reign of Secessia, but our Northern Colonel Hoe. (Cheers.) Where was the Niagara built? and was the Yacht America a Southern Institution? (Hear, hear.) No—gentlemen—these are some of the elements of our Yankee civilization—peculiar to our Yankee climate, and Yankee habits not yet appreciated in Secessia. (Cheers.) Is the common school system of New England an element of Southern civilization? The South alone benefit civilization!—Why, Mr. Chairman, I have proved its absurdity. Bearing in mind the debate on previous evenings, I will answer one or two Secession fallacies. The gentleman from Australia says that no black man in the North would be allowed to enter a room like this for public discussion, and this in face of the fact that there are two negroes admitted at the bar in Boston, and have practised there for several years.

WE DO NOT WANT CANADA.

He also spoke of America's intentions regarding Canada.—America wants nothing from Canada.—The two lands are as different as the two people—one is day—the other night. (Laughter and hear.) One is going to a funeral—the other a wedding. One is the old world without any progress by assimilating with the new. In Canada they can't even make a barrel. (Laughter.)—The only great thing accomplished there is about the grandest swindle of this, the nineteenth century, the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. (Oh, and hear.) Another spoke of unjust representation, citing Rhode Island—Connecticut—Vermont, and New Hampshire, with a small population having so many electoral votes; and yet he omitted to mention that Arkansas—Texas—Florida purchased of Spain—Louisiana bought of France—and Texas of the Mexicans—have equal representation in the Senate of the United States. (Hear.) Original Secessia entire with its six hundred thousand square miles of country, has but two millions seven hundred thousand white people—while New York, with but forty-seven thousand square miles, has a population of three millions eight hundred thousand, and Pennsylvania, forty-six thousand square miles, has a population of two millions nine hundred thousand. (Applause.) These two States alone have more population than the Two Secessias, and ten times the wealth. (Cheers.)—Little Massachusetts has a bank capital of fifteen millions sterling, while all Secessia boasts of but thirteen millions! (Applause.)

THE REBELLION A GIGANTIC HUMBUG.

I tell you the Rebellion is a gigantic humbug—(laughter)—a gigantic sham!—where are their successes? (Bull Run, Ball's Bluff—question, and laughter.) Must I again tell you that the nation was sold at Manassas, by treachery, as General Stone sold his country at Ball's Bluff? (Shame.) But are we alone in reverses? Look at England! at Peiho! at Cawnpore! at Cabul and at the Redan! (Hear.) Look at Russia in Circassia—France in Algeria—Austria in Italy, and now the Spaniards in Mexico! Surely we are not alone—The Pretender with two thousand Scots frightened all England a century ago! Our seven hundred thousand soldiers only allow—so

gigantic is our territory—but one man to every mile and a half of border.

AMERICA MERELY HAS THE VARIOLOID.

Lamartine eloquently observes—every Revolution has its birth—every birth its pang—every pang its groan! All nations have their diseases.—We are just going through the varioloid—(laughter)—having passed the scarlet fever, measles, and chicken-pox on the heights of Abraham—(laughter)—and the plains of Saratoga.—(Cheers.) Our tree of liberty is sound at the core.—We are only shaking off the caterpillars that have so long disfigured its branches. (Hear, and applause.)

WASHINGTON AND CROMWELL VOLUNTEERS.

I am tired of listening to England's sneers about our volunteers. You seem proud of your hundred and fifty thousand men—(cheers)—let us take the same ratio of glory for our volunteer millions. (Laughter and applause.) Sneer not at the volunteers—Washington was a volunteer—so was Robert Clive at the battle of Plassey—and Oliver Cromwell was not educated at the Horse Guards. (Laughter.) The two-spot is too much for the ace of clubs if it happens to be a trump.

SEPARATION NOT NECESSARY.

One speaker thinks that civilization would follow separation, on the ground that States become too large to be prosperous. Hence he agrees with Bulwer in breaking America into parts. England, to say the least, has never followed that plan. (Hear.) She went to India in Elizabeth's time, and put Prince against Prince, until she was enabled to absorb the entire empire of two hundred millions. (Cheers.) Had she gone on your theory—India would be off the reel long ago—and Australia—and Canada—and Ireland!—Again, what a spectacle of weakness the petty Principalities of Germany—Central and South America present—compared to the consolidated strength of seventy millions in Russia—and forty millions in France—or even England herself, with an empire on all the oceans! (Cheers.)

REBELLION, FIRST PALSIED, NOW DEAD.

No, Mr. Chairman, the revolution is dead. It received its first attack of paralysis—when Congress voted five hundred thousand men—and five hundred millions of dollars! (Cheers.) It experienced its second attack when, after the Trent affair, England and France refused to acknowledge their independence. (Applause.) And now comes apoplexy and death, when the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy sounded the bugle and gave his order to his Lieutenant—Charge, McClellan, charge!—On to Manassas, on!—were not the last words of our Presidential Marmion! (Cheers.) The world will shortly see how gigantic has been the success of the North—(Oh, and where)—and how gigantic the failure of the South! Secessia was a sham at the start, and has been a sham all through the revolution. (Oh, and interruption.)

AMERICA CAN AFFORD A GIGANTIC PARDON.

Now, as America goes to war in a gigantic way, I am prepared to show for once in our great strength—gigantic clemency! (hear)—and suggest that as we have killed Secessia that we still keep our originality in doing things differently from Europe—by giving our erring fellow-citizens—a GIGANTIC PARDON! (Loud cheers.) England sends her rebels to Tasmania—France to Cayenne—and Russia to Siberia—but let America follow out the good work she has begun in liberating all the State prisoners in Fort Lafayette—Fort McHenry, and Fort Warren—and pardon all the traitors, without any security for the future but the sentiment of Union. (Cheers.) Hanging is really too good for them. (Laughter.) They ought to be compelled to live among those they have deceived, and obliged to associate with their own kindred. (Laughter)—No more terrible punishment could assail them.—If a man has a fault, trust his own family to find it out. (Laughter.) Let one sister go astray, and there is no more happiness for her in her father's household.—Let one boy at school have a patch on his breeches, and every boy will chalk the place, (Laughter.) Pass through a village and they will tell you where the Gambler lives—where the Cyprian receives her guests—where the murder was committed—all these haunted spots are pointed out with scorn to be shunned by honest men. (Hear.) So let the President pardon all the traitors and compel them to reside in their own localities among the Union men they have been kept under by the strong arm of powder and ball, and justice will soon find its proper measure in tar and feathers! (Laughter and question.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON CANADA, AND ITS RELATION TO THE UNITED STATES.

[*From the London American of July 2d*, 1862.]

So many absurd theories have been set afloat regarding America's hankering after Canada, we are glad to see that Mr. Train's opinion coincides with our own. Americans no more think of absorbing or invading Canada than they do England.

The defeat of the Militia Bill gave rise to the recent debates in the discussion halls, and Mr. Train argues to prove that the Canadians care really as little for England as America does for the Canadians.

Mr. Train :—Large bodies move fast—at least England lost no time in showing her affection for her dear cousin during the Trent explosion. (Hear.) Small bodies move slow—at least Canada makes no haste to pass the Militia Bill. England said to Canada, Arm. Canada, wishing to get England's money, burst into the full bloom of a loyal colony. England asked the world to look and behold a loyal people. Look at the Canadians—what affection—what valor! Out went the troops, and back came the rebel ministers. (Hear, hear.) Parliament meets—the fifty thousand Militia Bill comes up—the French minority combine with the English, and the bill is lost—Cartier overthrown. The English journals remain silent for days and weeks. The *Times* speaks at length. If Canada cannot appreciate our friendship let her go. England don't care. Other journals follow, and all are disgusted. England stopped the tap, and Canada's loyalty fades away. (Hear, and Oh.) Colonies are like human beings—money is the test of friendship—loyalty consists in an open bunghole. (Laughter.) England finds time to lecture America on taxation—why not talk to Canada? Their tax-bill covers all that grows and all that lives. Canada is not a free-trade pupil. I can readily understand why the Canadians overthrew the Militia Bill. They know that war between England and America means making a battle-field of Canada. (Cheers.) With England Canada is weak—without her, strong. Let Canada set up business herself, and she will hold up her head and be somebody—(oh, and hear)—but let her hang on to England's apron-string and copy Ireland in progress! Canadians should ponder over England's secession doctrines. So should the Irish. If secession is justifiable to the South, why not equally so to Canada and Ireland? (Hear.) Lower Canada likes France better than England. (No.) Did the French Canadians show any hospitality to the Prince of Wales? (Hear.) Certainly not! But when Prince Napoleon was there every door flew open at once. Lower Canada is French in language, customs and religion. Their associations are all with France. (No.) How can you say no, when Frenchmen discovered the country—and Frenchmen founded the colony. England's connection with Canada is comparatively recent. (Oh.) Who first made the Canadian shore? An Italian, Sebastian Cabot, in the Seventh Henry's time, Dennys was the next, a Frenchman, in 1506. Arbort followed—also a native of France—and took back with him to Paris some of the natives of Canada in 1523. Then the First Francis sent out his four ships—and the Robeval Expedition was lost and Cartier died. This was in 1549. During the next half century Frenchmen made the coast, but the colony of Quebec was only founded in 1608, to be conquered by Britain in 1761, and finally ceded by the Treaty of Paris to England in 1763, since which Canada has been a colony of this empire. So you see I was right in saying it was of recent date. (Oh, and hear.) Canada has a thousand miles of shore along the lakes without a fort—and in case of war all her cities could be taken by our armies in six weeks. (No.) Let Canada cut the painter and she is safe. But it was a pitiful sight to see her bluster in the invasion excitement. The outbreak of the Canadians during the Trent affair reminds me of the active wife who drove her husband under the bed, and venturing to look out she told him to put his head back. "Never," said he, "so long as I have the spirit of a man within me." (Laughter.) My principal object in rising to-night is to correct an impression that seems to have sunk deep into the English mind—and that is, that the Americans want Canada. Now, if you want to insult the American people, that is the most sensitive way. (Laughter.) I never yet heard an American say that he wished to have Canada. (Oh.) Who ever heard of a prosperous city wishing to annex the town poor of a neighboring city. (Hear.) I have seen a strange sight, where the almshouse a nation wished to be set off in a field by itself, as in the case of Secessia—(cheers)—but annexation of a bed-ridden land is another thing. You have only to cross the line to see the difference between indolence and industry, adversity and prosperity.—

One is the Old World, the other the New. One is going to a funeral, the other to a wedding. (Laughter.) Americans are not, and never have been ambitious to be burdened, as England is, with such a thriftless community. All our treaties have been to Canada's advantage. Canada has introduced Federal currency—dollars and cents—and the Reciprocity Treaty has begun to instil a little enterprise into the people. The climate is cold—Americans prefer their ice in hot weather. (Hear.) Canada and the United States started about the same time—the one has thirty millions; the other, three—the one has poets, historians, and statesmen; the other, a *Grand Trunk Swindle!* Canada's course towards the United States has been contemptible during our troubles; and I hope that the Americans will remember it when Canada comes to Washington begging to be annexed to our Great Republic. ("Oh," cheers, and laughter.) When you hear any one say that America wants Canada, please deny it. There is a wide difference between stealing green apples and having your neighbor present them to you after they are ripe. Canada rings herself into notoriety by always saying America wants to annex her, and it pleases England's vanity to keep up the delusion. How astonished that negress was, when, asking for a pair of flesh-colored stockings, the thoughtful shopman handed her out *a pair of black ones*. (Loud laughter.) America would not accept a colony that did not possess enterprise enough to make a barrel!—(Laughter.) Never believe all you hear. England is always giving Canada good advice. Chesterfield's son must have been a stupid ass to have required so many letters telling him how to act when going into company. (That's so.) Canada was foolish to flare up so on the Trent. "What did you take that tobacco out of my chest for," asked the sailor; and his mate quietly replied, "I did not." "Then I am a liar, am I," following up the movement with a blow. (Laughter.) England was equally active on the Trent.

If Canada behaves herself, some day we may consent to let her have the benefit of some more of our institutions. (Oh, and hear.) But England ought not to calculate upon the Canadians being loyal. "There is a horrid rumor," said a frail and lovely countess once to a noble earl, "that is being circulated to my disgrace at the West-end, that I have had twins." "Give yourself no uneasiness," replied his lordship. "I never believe more than half I hear." (Laughter.) Canada is five millions short this year—and the Grand Trunk Railway is making her shorter. If Canada will keep on her side of the fence—America will promise not only not to molest her, but will not even mention her name or give her another thought. Canada's sympathy with the South will not make one hair black or white, nor will England's. America is beyond the reach of Europe. Neutrality now has lost its sting. That couplet of Lord John Manners has become famous.

> Let truth and honor, God and justice die,
> But give us ever our base neutrality.

(Cheers and laughter.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S DEFENCE OF IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

THE LION BEARDED IN HIS DEN!

From the London American of June 4th, 1862.

One of the chief points in the events of late which have come under notice in the Discussion Halls is the state of Ireland. The recent agrarian murders have alarmed the landlords, and England and Ireland stand face to face, each calling the other bad names. Mr. Train, availing himself of repeated attacks against the United States, made a decided hit on Saturday night, in turning the argument on Ireland, and although the interruptions were frequent, he kept his ground, he undoubtedly having a great advantage by being so frequently called for before he rises to speak.

Mr. Train said: The two features of to-night's debate are misrepresentation of America and abuse of Ireland. America has many champions—Ireland none. I have spoken for Americans; I intend to say a word for the Irish. It chills my senses to hear you jeer and sneer and throw contempt on that gallant race (hear). Two millions of Irishmen are countrymen of mine (cheers),—and I will not sit quietly and hear in an English audience, Ireland trod down and abused. I like the Irish race. Ireland has done much for England; but what has England done for Ireland? What a record of

crime, despotism, and tyranny! (Oh!) What a page of violence, injustice and bloodshed. (Cries of no, no.) Mr. —— says no—show me then an oasis in the desert of her history; show me a ray of sunshine in the darkness of her horizon. Poor Ireland!—rich in nature—in mountains and in rivers—with fruit in her gardens and fish in her streams—the unhappy mother of a brave people made humble by despotic and corrupt Government. Poor Ireland—the land of Curran, and Grattan, and Shiel (cheers). Where Power acted, and Moore sung his sweet melodies—(cheers)—and Sheridan Knowles wrote some of the finest dramas in our language—(cheers)—who last week, in his seventy-eighth year, made a beautiful speech, full of affection and tears of his native mountains (hear, hear). Poor Ireland! what has she done that England should have treated her so? The land that furnishes England with so many brave armies, whose sons to-day are leaders in the world—Premiers of two nations (applause) and Generals in them all (cheers.) You produced but one great name in your Napoleonic wars—his pictures are in your galleries, his monuments in your squares. That man was Arthur Wellesley—the Irish Duke of Wellington (cheers). Who rules to-day in Spain? An Irishman—Marshal O'Donnell. Who won the great Italian battle? Stand forth MacMahon, the Irish Duke of Magenta! (cheers.) Who won the battle of Winchester, but the twice senator, the shot-proof Irishman, General James Shields! (loud cheers.) And who rules supreme in England—beloved by his people? Have you forgotton that Lord Palmerston is a son of Ireland? (Loud cheers.) Poor Ireland! How sad is the story of thy wrongs—every page of thy history is a record of robbery, pillage, and conquest! (Oh bosh!) The gentleman has twice interrupted me; let me say to him, that when he applies that word to my remarks, it signifies talent, brain, and intellectual power (cheers and laughter)—neither of which will any one accuse him of possessing (loud laughter, cheers, and some dissent.) All the speakers to-night have been arguing that the Southern Confederacy ought to be acknowledged (hear). Observing this, I am disposed, for argument's sake, to agree with you, and apply the rule to Ireland (Oh! and applause). Ireland would be better by herself—more independent, more free, more happy, and would open her ports to all the world. You have no right to interfere with her customs, her laws, or her religion. When the Romans made war they adopted the habits of the conquered people—England, on the contrary, tries to make them English, She is not happy—not contented. Vegetation grows in her streets and misery broods in the faces of her people. Let Ireland go—let America acknowledge the Irish confederacy. As Woods was historian of the Prince of Wales, so Giraldus Cambrensis recorded the incidents of Prince John in his Irish tour, calling the peasants goats and sheep, which would become capital game for English sportsmen. Cambrensis Eversus was more caustic, yet equally ungenerous. One was Trollope the First, villifying the Irish people. The other was Trollope the Second, piling on the agony (hear, hear, and loud laughter). Centuries have gone since the armies of that old coquette, Elizabeth, cut through your peasantry. Long is the time since that old idiot King James—(laughter)—overran that unhappy land with his perambulating scaffolds and his ready made executioners. Poor Ireland!—what a life of conquest. Then Charles came with his packed juries and confiscation, followed by Cromwell expatriating eighty thousand of thy sons, and knocking down all thy Churches—followed by the Second James and his excesses and the Treaty of Limerick—and then comes the destruction of thy individuality. Thy Parliament Houses turned into barracks—thy custom houses into stables for the King—thy squares filled with monuments to illustrate the overthrow of thy religion, and thy eyes blinded by giving your eight millions a hundred representatives to Parliament, while England's eighteen millions have over a thousand. And this is the land where Robert Emmet told Lord Norbury his country's wrongs, and Daniel O'Connell stood boldly up, and Smith O'Brien banished, and The O'Donoghue threatened, if he dare to speak of the wrongs of his native land. (Oh.) You say, Let the South go. I say, Let Ireland go (cheers, and a voice, "Ireland is now prosperous"). Yes, said Mr. Train, but what has made her so?—America (cheers). Who have added wealth to our land?—the Irish. Who built our factories, our canals and railways?—the Irish (hear). And in their well paid labor, because well earned, they find large sums of money, which they have been sending their people for many years. *Ten millions sterling since the Famine.* A noble trait of the Irish character. I like the Irish people, and your attacks on Ireland on account of the recent agrarian outrages are most unfair (hear). Look over your criminal record and you will find more brutal murders in England during the last year than in Ireland (no). Have you forgotten the Stepney murder, and the Road murder, and that of Nottingham Forest and Coventry? or even last week that at Manchester and another in London? (hear). You have as dark deeds on your calendar as Ireland has, and I cannot bear to hear a land I like so much so unkindly spoken of as she is in England. Let me say to the

Irish people—Come to America—(cheers). where you are appreciated—come over in thousands and hundreds of thousands, where a welcome shall await you—for Americans cannot forget your deeds of bravery in the dark pages of our war (cheers.) You have fought nobly in our army, you love our Union, and we like your noble devotion to the land of your adoption, Ireland for the Irish. Meagher is now one of us (hear), and Judge M'Lean was a native of Erin—that land of fair women and brave men. Edmund Burke was also an Irishman. Would that you had some more Burkes and more O'Connells to speak for you in the nation's council (hear.) The O'Donoghues, the Maguires and the Hennessys are not asleep to your wants—but Irishmen must band together to win their rights. My plea for Ireland, to-night, is more just than yours for Secessia (Cheers). If you think disunion in America beneficial, how much more so would be disunion between these islands (hear). Let me candidly say to the brave Irish Regiments who are fighting our battles what one of their countrymen said on another occasion—

Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man.

(loud cheers). Hurrah then for Mulligan and Kennedy, and the gallant Corcoran—the worthy countryman of the shot-proof hero of Winchester (hear). Americans begin to be less sensitive. Trollope says, we copy France in manner, speech, dress, and cooking. He should have added, Americans begin to care as little for England's opinion as France does (hear). France laughs at England—America must do the same. England used to pinch France, now France pinches England—America is copying the habit. England is now thin-skinned as well as thick-skulled (oh!) M. Assolant, in the *Courier de Paris*, cuts deep—England shakes with rage. M. Trexler, in the *Siecle*, is equally happy with his dissecting knife—how the English squirm! Ridicule is a good thing when based on truth. When you joke always joke on facts (oh! oh! oh! and prolonged laughter). The French writers say the English are put in stalls at the restaurant by themselves, like vicious horses, to keep them from biting each other (laughter),—France is emancipated—so is America. Our people will never again cringe before English public opinion. Write what you please—misrepresent—exaggerate—lie—swear—bear false witness. (Oh, "We don't.") No matter what you do; for America, like France, will be no longer sensitive. England must now take her turn. American writers are coming over to describe England; and when four o'clock comes, we hope the sentry will find All's well! (hear.) America will continue to be the shrine for the emigrant. God bless our foreign citizens. Open wide our gates. Let them come—the more the merrier.

From the Vine land, from the Rhine land, from the Shannon, from the Scheldt,
From the ancient lands of genius, from the sainted home of Celt;
From Italy, from Hungary, all as brothers join and come,
To the sinew-bracing bugle and the foot-propelling drum;
For proud beneath the starry flag to die and keep secure
The liberty they dreamed of by the Danube, Elbe, and Suir!
And they who, guided by the stars, sought here the hopes they gave,
And all aglow with pilgrim fire their happy shrines to save;
Here Scots, and Poles, Italians, Gauls, with native emblems Tricht,
There Teuton corps, who fought before, *Fur Freiheit und fur Licht*,
While round the flag the Irish like a human rampart go,
They found Cead Mille Failthe here, they'll give it to the foe! (Loud cheers.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S REPLY TO THE REVEREND BAPTIST NOEL'S LETTER.

From the London American of July 9th, 1862.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON AMERICAN."

18 St. James's street, July 7, 1862.

DEAR SIR:—The Reverend Baptist Noel says that the subscriber is doing all he can to make Americans and Englishmen hate each other. He is wrong. One-sided love never pays. America's affection has not been reciprocated by England. Forgive our enemies is divine law, but where is it written that we should *Forgive our Friends?* When I discovered that England's abolitionism meant America's destruction, I made speeches to expose the foul plot to ruin our nationality. Words of friendship annoy me. I prefer actions. All I have done to arouse the censure of your reverend correspondent is to give blow for blow, which is scriptural. America was struck and turned the other cheek, little thinking that England would strike that also! She did, and we were ill at the time. We are better now. If the Rev. Baptist Noel wishes us well why did he not write some of his high and noble relations to show

less animus to the Americans in their troubles, instead of censuring me? The clergymen met to pray for peace at Exeter Hall during the exciting days of the Trent. Lord Shaftesbury refused to preside. Why did he not write a letter then to prove his friendship for our people? Lord Brougham recently made a shameful attack upon our nationality. Why not remonstrate with the aged libeller of our country? The *Times*, on our American holiday, wrote the most insulting of its leaders. Does he think that such things tend to make Englishmen and Americans love each other? So few in this land have the moral courage to examine into England's social, political, commercial, and financial position, I kindly volunteered my services, which do not seem to be appreciated. America has furnished English critics with subjects for ridicule for generations. The topic is worn out. A little change I thought desirable, so I shifted the scene. When England says that America is bankrupt, I do not now, as formerly, argue to prove that she is not. I simply say that England has been bankrupt for years. When told that America is corrupt, I respond, so is England. And simply because I put the burden of proof on England I ought to be commended instead of blamed. The moment I found out that the old stereotyped expressions of Common law, Common language, Common literature, and Common worship of our International Social Re-unions were only hypocritical words spoken to cover up England's animus that laid beneath, I thought that I was doing England a service —and if the Reverend Baptist Noel would use his aristocratic influence upon those who have the power to make them revoke the acknowledgment of traitors as belligerents, he will do our people more good than by firing Revolvers against the Parrott guns of your much-abused and unassuming correspondent,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN AND THE IRISH.

From the London American of July 9th, 1862.

Mr. Train's speech on Ireland seems to have gone like magic throughout the island. St. Patrick Societies are passing resolutions to his honor, and Irishmen are flocking around him as to an old friend. Mr. Train has now the hearts of the Irish in both lands. His letter to the Dublin Society awakens some new thoughts on Ireland's future.

18 St. James's street,
Independence day, 1862.

My Dear Sir,—The Fourth! What glorious recollections!—what a world of history since that day! Thanks—and many too—for your generous and patriotic invitation. How kind of you to remember the national birthday of my people—yes, of your people too—for Irish blood circulates in our veins more and more each generation. Already millions of your countrymen are mine, and millions of my countrymen are yours. Is it not singular that the Americans should love the Irish better than the English do? Our land is full of Irishmen. Your Irish Shieldses—your Corcorans—your Kennedys—your Mulligans—your Meaghers—are now among our American heroes. America has paid millions for Irish labor, and the laborer has sent millions back to Ireland. (Fifteen years ago I established the first Irish agencies throughout New England and the Western States for the sale of prepaid passenger certificates and small bills of exchange; and the thousands of emigrants taken to America in Train & Co.'s line of Boston packets leads me to suppose that the name I bear, and the commercial house in which I passed my boyhood, is still kindly remembered by the Irish emigrant, the Irish post-poffice, and the Irish banker.) Irishmen in America are welcome, happy, and contented. How could we have built our forty thousand miles of railway without the Irish? Our canals—our factories—and our public works all bear witness to Irish industry. Who helps to dig our mines—build our ships—rear our cities—and work their way up the ladder of fame to make our judges and our statesmen, more than the hardy, honest sons of Ireland? In this terrible rebellion that convulses a portion of our empire, Ireland sided with the right—England with the wrong!—your land is known to mine. My land is known to you. Our Irish clubs and Irish regiments celebrate St. Patrick's anniversary in all our cities.—Our Patrick Donohue's Boston *Pilot*—Mullaly's New York *Metropolitan Record*—the *Irish American*—and other Irish journals, are the newspaper links that bind together our respective countries. All that passes in your country is made known through these channels in my country. Your religion—be it Protestant, or be it Catholic—so long as it continues Christian

—is as free in America as the air we breathe and the water we drink. And Irish children, like American, are educated by the State. England refuses you permission to raise volunteers—America is more generous. The American Government have no standing army quartered in our capitals to keep down the Irish! One more word, in which is all the point of my letter. *The Homestead Bill has passed both Houses, and is now the law of the United States. This century has produced no Government Act so important to European millions.* Do you know its meaning? I will tell you. It offers a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, in any part of the public domain in any State selected by the actual settler—*entirely free!* Irishmen, take my advice. Pack up your household goods and go to a country where every Irishman can become a *Landlord free of expense*, and where, in five years, he may have a vote and make the laws that govern him, which he will never be allowed to do in Ireland.

Yours Truly,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

D. H. Hayes, Esq., Hon. Sec. National Brotherhood of St. Patrick, Dublin.

CELEBRATION IN LONDON, OF FOURTH OF JULY, 1862.

BEING THE EIGHTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

[*From the London American of July 9th*, 1862.]

A desire having generally been expressed among Americans resident in England that the Anniversary of American Independence should be recognized by some demonstration in London or in the vicinity of the metropolis, a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements. The committee consisted of the following gentlemen:

D. J. Macgowan, M. D., Hon Freeman H. Morse, A. W. Bostwick, Esq., Hon. Henry M. Lord, Hon. Sidney Sweet, R. Hunting, Esq., Hon. Frederick Smyth, Rev. J. H. Rylance, J. S. Prettyman, Esq., W. Lee, Esq., W. J. Valentine, Esq., B. F. Brown, Esq., H. B. Hammond, Esq., John Young, Esq., L. A. Bigelow, Esq., Henry Starr, Esq., Dr. F. Coar, W. B. West, Esq., Thomas H. Dudley, Esq., George Francis Train, Esq., Sewell Warner, Esq., C. R. Schaller, Esq., Professor Charles A. Lee, M. D., George Starbuck, Jun., Esq., Nathan Thompson, Esq., J. H. McChisney, Esq., James Smith, Esq., Professor Charles D. Cleveland, J. F. Cropsey, Esq., W. G. Creamer, Esq., G. W. Belding, Esq., Benjamin Moran, Esq., Perkins Bacon, Esq., L. N. Fowler, Esq., Hon. L. Eastman, Hon. John M. Marshall, Charles L. Wilson, Esq., Jas. McHenry, Esq., Col. B. P. Johnson, George P. Bemis, Esq., N. MacLaughlin, Esq., P. J. Derrin, Esq., Thomas W. Fox, Esq., J. R. Maltby, Esq., M. Nason, Esq., James Wilcox, Esq., Thomas Silver, Esq.

After due consideration it was finally decided that a dinner at the Crystal Palace would be the most fitting demonstration for the occasion. Consequently on Friday afternoon, Americans and their friends sat down to a well prepared dinner in the south wing of the Palace.

The table was handsomely decorated with flowers, confections, and the national colors, one of the chief ornaments being a beautiful silk flag, presented by Margaret Blount to the Editor of the "London American," for the occasion.

Among the distinguished persons present we noticed Hon. Freeman H. Morse and Mrs. Morse, Charles L. Wilson, Benjamin Moran, G. F. Train, Dr. Macgowan, J. S. Prettyman, H. B. Hammond, C. F. Adams, Jun., G. W. Belding, R. Hunting, L. A. Bigelow, Hon. Frederick Smith of Manchester, N. H.; A. W. Bostwick, Thomas Silver, Miss Silver, Mrs. E. S. James, formerly of Detroit, Mich.; Miss Plaister, George P. Bemis, Boston, Mass.; W. J. Valentine, B. F. Brown, Jonas Smith, New York; Jonas Smith, Jun., do.; Mr. Pangburn, do.; E. C. Hall, do.; H. A. Lyman, do.; Mr. Kirsch, Chicago; Miss M. A. Drew, New York; Prof. F. W. Newman, University College, London; Henry Vincent, London; Messrs. Shields, San Francisco; Joseph Moshimer, Nevada Territory; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rae, Indianapolis, Ind.; J. H. Redstone, do.; Sewall Warner, London; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Cropsey, do.; Jas. Beale, do.; George W. Chipman, Boston; Mrs. Chipman, do.; Mr. Chipman, Jun., do.; Mrs. Richards, London; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Taylor, do.; Mr. Lockwood, do.; Dr. Ephraim Cutter, Massachusetts; W. N. Wilson, do.; Miss Eastman, do.; Rev. J. H. Rylance, Mr. T. D. Part, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Williamson, Mr. Samuel Marshall, W. Cook, J. S. Prettyman, Mr. Stalwick, Mr. Gilmore, W. H. Baden, T. M. Eller, John Aldfield, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Stone, Captain Washer, J. P. Howard, Edinburgh; Dr. F.

Coar, London; Mr. and Mrs. W. Churchill, Robert Stokes, John Stokes, Mrs. P. E. Rogers, New York; J. M. Earle, Philada.; J. Coats, London; J. Randolph Clay, do.; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hope, do.; Mr. Robert Maitland, do.; Mr. and Mrs. L. Hyatt, Edinburgh; Col. R. M. Hoe, London; Dr. C. A. Lee, New York; Mr. Henry Hart, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. Frederick Frothingham, Portland, Me.; Edward Mason, London; B. B. Whisker, do.; Jacob Hoffner, do.; Dr. R. Hills, Ohio; Mrs. R. Hills, do.; C. B. Hotchkiss, Paris; Julius Ives, N. Y.; Alfred P. Putnam, do.; Abbot C. Krittridge, Charlestown, Mass.; R. Ogden Doremus, M. D., New York; C. R. Schaller, London; J. H. Wilson, do.; Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Fowler, N. Y.; S. R. Wells, do.; J. R. Maltby, Calcutta; Henry Pollard, W. P. Dewey, E. E. Dewey, do.; E. P. Dewey, M. Breaster, Henry Hunt, Charles Ryland, Jun., Jas. Wilcox, London; Jn. G. Aveny, do.; Jas. Hall, do.; Jno. Wilson, do.; Mr. Mozier, do.; T. Mason Jones, Dublin; Rev. J. J. Kelley, Detroit; Mr. La Plaine, N. Perry, Jun., G. N. Abeel, F. Franklin Durant, and others whose names and addresses, unfortunately, are not in our possession.

A large number of letters had been received by the Secretary, from various parts of England and the Continent, from various dignitaries who had been invited, that could not attend, which were read.

After dinner the Chairman arose, and after signifying that the time had come for the intellectual part of the repast, said—Whether it is tossing upon the rolling billows, or journeying in foreign lands—whether at home or abroad, this day returns to me full of joy and pleasure. (Cheers.) Now, my friends, the first thing to be done on an occasion like this, is to turn our thoughts back to the land of our birth or adoption, and to remember our country when abroad. (Cheers.) I will therefore propose for the first sentiment on this occasion. "*Our country, one and indivisible; may peace and harmony speedily prevail throughout its entire dominions.*" (Immense cheering—and "Hail Columbia," by the band.) The chairman then introduced the sentiment, *The President of the United States*"—(great cheers)—as follows:—I am sure no American need utter a complimentary word concerning the President of the United States, for there stand his acts; history will record them, and future generations will speak of them. Allow me to introduce to you an English gentleman who has kindly consented to respond to this sentiment. I will call upon the Rev. J. H. Rylance, who rose, amidst the cheers of the assembly, and said:—

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen:—The honor is committed to me of responding to the name of Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States; a name which is the embodiment of patriotism, integrity, justice, and entire devotion to the good of his country. (Cheers.) This day eighty-six years ago, the United States became a nation, the day on which we meet finds her in what we may call her second birth agonies. Eighty-six years ago she gained her independence; now she is struggling for an independence without which that first independence was rather a pretence, or a mockery, than a reality. (Cheers.) She is struggling for an independence from that dark, huge evil which hung upon her like a great drag-weight. When she comes out of this terrible ordeal purged from this dark stain, as she without doubt will do, she will stand before the world and command the respect and homage of all who are just and honest enough to accord it. (Cheers.) I am happy to say that I know the United States, not through information derived from those who have been to New York only and back, but I know the people from actual intercourse, dwelling among them, in their homes, schools, colleges, churches, and in all the departments of their individual and collective life; and I know them but to love them. From the first hour that Abraham Lincoln grasped the reins of government—no, not *grasped* them, but received them at the hands of a willing and confiding people, from the first hour he so modestly and yet in so magnanimous a manner accepted the direction of national affairs, Abraham Lincoln has not belonged to any political party—(cheers)—but from that day to this, the Constitution only has been his guide, and his name has not been mentioned as belonging to any party. (Cheers.) All minor considerations have been forgotten, and all party distinctions have been sunk beneath the grand name of Nationality—(cheers)—and Abraham Lincoln is a national President. (Cheers.) I need only to refer to his acts; they speak his character and pronounce his worth. (Cheers.) I will so far refer to the sentiments of my own country as to say, that there is no more sorrowful indication of the slowness of many to do justice to the Washington Cabinet than their neglect to notice the bold, humane, and straightforward measures of that Cabinet. It was said, "show us that the bearing of the struggle is in the direction of liberty, and we will sympathize with you;" but what are the facts? With a mind crushed beneath the cares and burdens of a struggle greater than any recorded in history, Mr. Lincoln has done deeds which will immortalize his name as a great, wise, and sagacious statesman. (Cheers.) The foundation of your capital rests for the first time in soil consecrated to liberty; and territory now or hereafter belonging to the Government is declared now and forever free. If England wishes testimony of the right feeling existing at

Washington, what does she need more than the treaty for the suppression of the slave trade? (Hear, hear.) These are facts which ought not to be ignored, nor should the time be delayed which is to bring forth something more than promises, seeing that this struggle tends both to humanity and liberty. Truly this recognition by England of her deep, earnest, warm, cordial sympathy for those who are carrying on this struggle should not longer be deferred. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

The third regular toast: "*The Queen of England,*" when after some appropriate remarks by the Chairman: Three cheers were given for her Majesty, and "God Save the Queen," was played by the band.

The fourth regular toast: "*The Fourth of July, 1776. An era in the history of liberty. May it be remembered and observed as long as human rights are acknowledged among men, and the love of civil liberty remains,*" which was responded to by the Rev. Fred. Frothingham, of Portland, Maine.

The fifth regular toast: "*The Constitution of the United States,*" which was responded to by the Rev. A. P. Putnam, of Roxbury, Mass. When mention was made of the "Old Bay State," the whole company rose *en masse* and gave three hearty cheers.

The sixth regular toast: "*Our Free School System, the Republic's necessity, guide and protection,*" which was ably responded to by Professor J. W. Hoyt, Secretary of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, and editor of the *Madison Farmer.*

The seventh regular toast: "*The Army and Navy of the United States—humane, patriotic and brave. While their deeds pass into history, let them be suitably rewarded, and their memory cherished by a grateful country,*" which was responded to by Rev. Mr. Kittridge, of Charlestown, Mass., as follows:

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—There is something, sir, peculiarly appropriate, and which appeals to our emotions of duty as well as of pleasure, in the language of the sentiment which has now been given—The Army and the Navy! Had that toast been given two years ago to-day, it would have failed to have excited any enthusiasm, for the simple reason, that the good providence of God had not then discovered to us, a peaceful, prosperous people, the necessity of this arm of the national strength, nor had them linked closely together, as now, by the dearest of ties, the homes of America with its army and navy. But, sir, in these words to-day there is a *deep, thrilling* meaning. Who, sir, are the more than half-a-million that stand on American soil at this hour, in the soldier's dress, and armed with the weapons of death? Are they, sir, the regular standing army of the United States? No, sir! Are they hirelings, *bought* to fight our battles, while we remain quietly at home? No, sir! Are they from the dregs, the scum of society—from the dens of our large cities, as some would have us believe? No, sir! Have they then been forced to enter a service, not sympathizing in the great purpose of this struggle? Sir, I affirm to-day, in the face of many statements to the contrary in foreign periodicals, that not one individual man of these 700,000 has entered the service of the United States, except from his own free, voluntary desire. Why, sir, (if you will pardon a personal allusion,) the last public duty which I performed before leaving America, was to speak farewell words to two companies from my own city, who, at the unexpected call of our President, had sprung joyfully to arms. And yet, sir, so universal had been the response to that call, that before three days had elapsed, they were pursuing their daily avocations at home.—*Not wanted.*—Who, then, are these soldiers? They are the bone and sinew of the North. "As clouds and as doves to their windows," they have flocked from every city, town and village to the defence of our sacred trust. The delicate youth has grasped the hand of the farmer's boy, and the student from our universities has shouldered the musket with the same eagerness with which the plough and the bench have been forsaken. What is that army? Industry, learning, honor, true soul nobility are its elements. The soldier is the citizen, the Christian, the man. That is our army and navy. "Are they patriotic?" said one to me, a few months since. Never shall I forget my emotions, when standing on the balcony of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in the city of New York, with thousands below me, stretching far as the eye could reach, I heard at the hour of midnight the tread of Massachusetts men marching, the first battalion to the field of battle—fair hands waved their tokens of affection—old men clasped them in their arms and blest them, while from every lip rose the shout, "God bless old Massachusetts." That scene has since been repeated in every city and town throughout our land, as from Maine to the farthest log-built village of the West, patriot men have been marching on, not only to Washington, but from victory to victory. Do you ask for the proofs of their bravery? Patriotism makes brave men—for it is founded, not on excitement, not on a temporary enthusiasm, but on principle, on right, on the broad and glorious corner-stone of the truth. I need but remind you of the names of the lamented Lyons, Greble, Winthrop and Putnam; of Siegel and his little band at Pea Ridge—and of the Cumberland, firing her last broadside when her guns

were even at the water's edge. But, sir, I cannot but call your attention to one glorious characteristic of our army and navy. It is a common declaration in many papers of this and other cities across the water, that the American war has now degenerated into a mere struggle of hatred and revenge, in which the worst passions of our sinful nature are called into exercise. Sir, as far as the army and navy are concerned, this charge is *wholly* and *totally false*, for of no one fact may we so well be proud to-day as this, that while compelled to fight for Government, for liberty, for the truth, that yet with no spirit of hatred or of revenge, with no bitter animosity, are our armies marching on from city to city, and from State to State. No, sir! *sorrowfully* do they perform this necessary task. They know so well, sir, that the South have been deceived by the words of the traitor as to the true spirit of the North; they feel so deeply that North and South are one by the closest of ties, that they *cannot hate* the South, nor fight one moment longer than is necessary. But where the weapons of rebellion are laid down, the contest is ended—and though now they stand with sword and cannon around the altar of liberty, because with such weapons that altar has been assailed, yet they bear also the olive branch of peace and love, as the language of a nation's heart, and by this they will conquer in the end. Mr. Chairman—I cannot forget, you cannot forget, no one at this table can forget, on this of all days, the martyr patriots who sleep this evening on many a battle-field throughout our beloved land. We would drop the tear of sorrow, and love, and peace, and our garland of remembrance and gratitude upon their graves—We, did I say, sir? Has not One higher than we, said to each true loyal soul, as He has welcomed it to His presence, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and the wreath of immortal flowers has been placed upon his brow by the Saviour's hand. I cannot close these few hasty remarks without repeating those lines which I know will be the language of every American heart:—

> The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
> And fill you it up to the brim;
> May the wreaths they have won never wither,
> Nor the star of their glory grow dim,
> May the service united ne'er sever,
> But each to their colors prove true,
> The Army and Navy for ever,
> Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

Long before the conclusion of the list of regular toasts, there were loud cries for Mr. Train. The Chairman begged that the order of the day might be observed, intimating that no doubt Mr. Train would appear in the volunteer toasts. This stopped the impatience of the company for a time, although many seemed annoyed that he was not among the regular toasts. When the list was completed, the large hall having rung again with "Train, Train," the Chairman asked if Mr. Train was in the room. The more determined he seemed not to speak, the more anxious they were to hear him. He, no doubt, had his reasons for holding back so long, as he is not usually diffident on such occasions.

Mr. Train (who was loudly cheered, and two or three hisses)—Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentleman,—Silence is Science, said Napoleon to the son of Josephine—and wisdom is in few words, is an older adage. I did not intend to speak to-day, nor did the committee intend that I should, judging from the number of their regular toasts, from which my name was omitted. (Cheers.) I have many chances of speech—others few—and knowing that some here objected to seeing my name prominent, I kept in the background—and you are to blame for forcing me forward. (Cheers.) I heard a hiss as I arose, and am not surprised—but fortunately I am as independent of my own people as they are of me. (Hear.) I know full well the snarling envious crew that compose the human drift wood of American society abroad—men who cannot appreciate talent and honesty—who, jealous of their superiors, and weak in the upper regions—(laughter)—exercise their feeble brains in sneering at men of intellect—imitating their web-footed compatriots in speech as well as knowledge. (Oh, laughter, and cheers.) But let them pass into that obscurity which they are so fitted to ornament, and pardon me for seeming annoyed at interruptions which were as ungenerous as they were uncalled for, and let me comment upon some of the remarks made by the other speakers instead of speaking myself. First, I am amazed to see so many distinguished men—in this memorable epoch of our national existence—dwarf our great struggle for national life down to the question of slavery. (Cheers.)

I am surprised that you, Mr. Chairman, and Mr. Rylance, should think so much more of negroes than you do of Americans. (Applause.) This fault of our people is becoming a vice. For many years I have had a strange partiality for white people, especially the citizens of the United States. (Hear.) And no wonder that it pains me and others to hear the everlasting black man brought in for eulogy in every speech. (Cheers.) I am as much an abolitionist as you are, Mr. Chairman, but the crisis in our land reminds me more of the thousands of my white countrymen who are perishing to save the empire than the system of freedom you describe in Liberia. (Hear.) Enough of this! One other remark. I miss, to-day, some familiar faces. There are Secessionists in London, Secessionists from our ranks to-day, yet we number two hundred strong.

Mr. Train here started off into an elo-

quent apostrophe to America—cheering Mr. Seward for his diplomacy—Mr. Lincoln for his firmness and his honesty, and showering commendation upon the army, the navy, and Mr. Chase. Although commencing his speech by criticising the committee—censuring the chairman for speaking of the negroes—and lecturing Mr. Adams for his want of patriotism in being away—he seemed anxious to make up for his ill humor by praising all done by the Administration and the people. We think that Mr. Train was too severe in his remarks—simply because two or three insignificant persons hissed him. He concluded his speech by a happy comparison between the first Napoleon when returning from Egypt and Mr. Lincoln delivering his inaugural at Washington.

Bonaparte (said Mr. Train.) conquered Italy and France. Full of glory he invaded Egypt—to fight under the deep shadow of the pyramids. That forty generation proclamation still rings in my boyhood's memory. Abookir was fought. Ten thousand Turkish corpses floated along the shore where Pompey's mysterious pillar gives interest to the city of the Needles, where that distinguished courtezan Cleopatra wound her Egyptian influence around the virtue of General Mark Antony. (Laughter.) Moreau and the Army of Italy were smarting under defeat, and anarchy reigned once more in France. Presto! a ship is in sight—and Bonaparte arrrives in Paris. That year Washington died. Sixty-three years ago, Bonaparte stood out upon the balcony in the Rue Chautereine, and such a shout was there from thousands. Gentlemen, (said Napoleon), *Will you help me save the Republic?* Swords flashed from a thousand scabbards. *We swear it!* shouted the excited crowd. The Empire heard the cry and France was saved. (Cheers.) Scott, and Bourrienne, and Abbott, representing different nations, have embalmed the thrilling episode, and all agree that Napoleon was the master of his position. (Cheers.) Born on one island—marrying a lady born on another island—this island mind—for he stands alone among Nature's chieftains, was sent away to die on still another island. His name still lives and will. (Hear.) Four Napoleons—but only two dynasties. Napoleon the First is with the French kings in the tomb of the St. Denis. Napoleon the Second I saw in the metal coffin the other day beside his Austrian mother in the Hapsburgs' sepulchre in Vienna. Napoleon the Third bids fair to sacrifice his throne in running counter to the interests of Republican France by his bold buccaneering plan of forcing monarchies down the throats of republics—(hear)—and already has prevented all chance of the Prince Imperial reigning as Napoleon the Fourth in Paris. (Hear.) Citizens, will you help me destroy the Republic of Mexico! says the nephew. Traitors, will you help me destroy the Republic of America! said Davis. (Shame.) I shut the horrid page. A change comes over the spirit of my dream. *Citizens, will you help me save the Republic?* was the patriotic appeal that our nineteenth century Washington made from the steps of the White House in his Inaugural address. (Cheers.) Treason was in the capital!—treason in his audience!—treason stood behind him with a loaded revolver in the bloody hands of the Texan Senator! Treason in the Senate. Treason in the House. Virtuous women, who had prostituted their patriotism into treason, were listening at the windows! There was treason in the army — treason in the navy; yet our brave President—with head uncovered, and God smiling on his honest, manly face, boldly cried, *Americans, will you help me save the Union?* (Cheers.) The call was answered. The world rested a moment upon its centre to gaze at the multitude of bayonets that glistened in the sunshine—where did they all come from?—See them, our bold sailor boys, pour out of the coasters on the sea shore and off the great lakes into the iron gunboats. (Cheers.) Mark the wreck they have made of the rebel navy. (Hear.) See our brave volunteers!—that human avalanche of earnest men—(cheers)—pour out of the factories, the foundries, the warehouses, and the colleges—in answer to the President's summons — AMERICANS, WILL YOU HELP ME SAVE THE UNION? (Cheers.) How the tide of living humanity rushes down out of the mountains and pours across the plain, gathering strength and numbers until a human rampart stretches along the battle line—(cheers)—a living fortification of human breastworks connecting the great Western River with the great Eastern Ocean—(hear)—a breathing bulwark of patriot soldiers, 1,500 miles in length, anxious to die, if God wills it, in order to let the nation live! (Cheers.) AMERICANS, WILL YOU HELP ME SAVE THE REPUBLIC? How the words spread! How the patriot hearts fired up in ten hundred thousand households? *We swear it.* How the spirit of Seventy-Six lighted up at the call? *We swear it!* replied millions of honest men from the West and from the North. (Cheers.) *We swear it!* with tears on their sad faces, shouted millions of patriotic woman—for our land is full of Florence Nightingales. (Cheers.) We swear it! echoed whole regiments of little children, who drank in whole draughts of patriotism at each cry of the newsboy. Another Federal victory!—another rebel defeat! (Cheers.)

AMERICANS, WILL YOU HELP ME SAVE THE REPUBLIC?—WE WILL. The call was answered—the Republic is saved—the echo will never die away. We know now who are our

friends—who our enemies. God save the Union was our cry, and God has saved it. (Cheers.) Have you never witnessed the gradual dawn of day, when returning home during the early hours of a stormy morning? The darkness of the night when the moon is gone is fearful in its gloom; but soon the curtain lifts a little—the atmosphere is less dense—the fog clears away—then comes a ray of light, and then another—one at a time as the darkness wears away—you feel happier, brighter, more cheerful—the morn has opened its eyes—the mist has gone—deep blue canopy is full of hope. Victory on Victory! How bright the sky—a little further on, and the horizon lights up as if on fire—it is the rising of the sun—(cheers)—dazzling the universal Empire with its myriad rays of Prosperity and Peace! (Loud Cheers.)

Hon. Fredrick Smyth, commissioner from the State of New Hampshire to the International Exhibition, being loudly called for spoke briefly but eloquently of the devotion of the people of his own State and of the entire North to the cause of the Union, declaring them to be as firm as the granite hills of New Hampshire. He alluded to the kindly feeling with which the common people throughout Europe, where he had lately traveled, seemed to regard the American flag—especially in Ireland and France. At one of the largest and most respectable places of public amusement in Paris he had the pleasure a few evenings since of witnessing the Stars and Stripes greeted with shouts of applause from an entire audience consisting of thousands of people of both sexes. At the appearance of the flag all rose to their feet, repeating their cheers again and again as the beautiful folds were unrolled. The speaker believed that the star-spangled banner was still regarded by the toiling millions of the world as their star of hope, and by the blessing of God and faithfulness of those to whom it is now committed, those hopes will not be disappointed.

The speaker was frequently interrupted by loud and prolonged applause.

Mr. Morse having left the chair, Mr. Train was called to take his place, and a portion of the company remained till the last train, arriving in London at midnight. Song, anecdote, and sentiment made all go merry as a marriage bell. We were presented with a beautiful flag, referred to at the opening of our report, handed to us by the fair owner, an accomplished poetess, whose hands had wrought it for the occasion. Our Crystal Palace Fête was a grand success.

THE END

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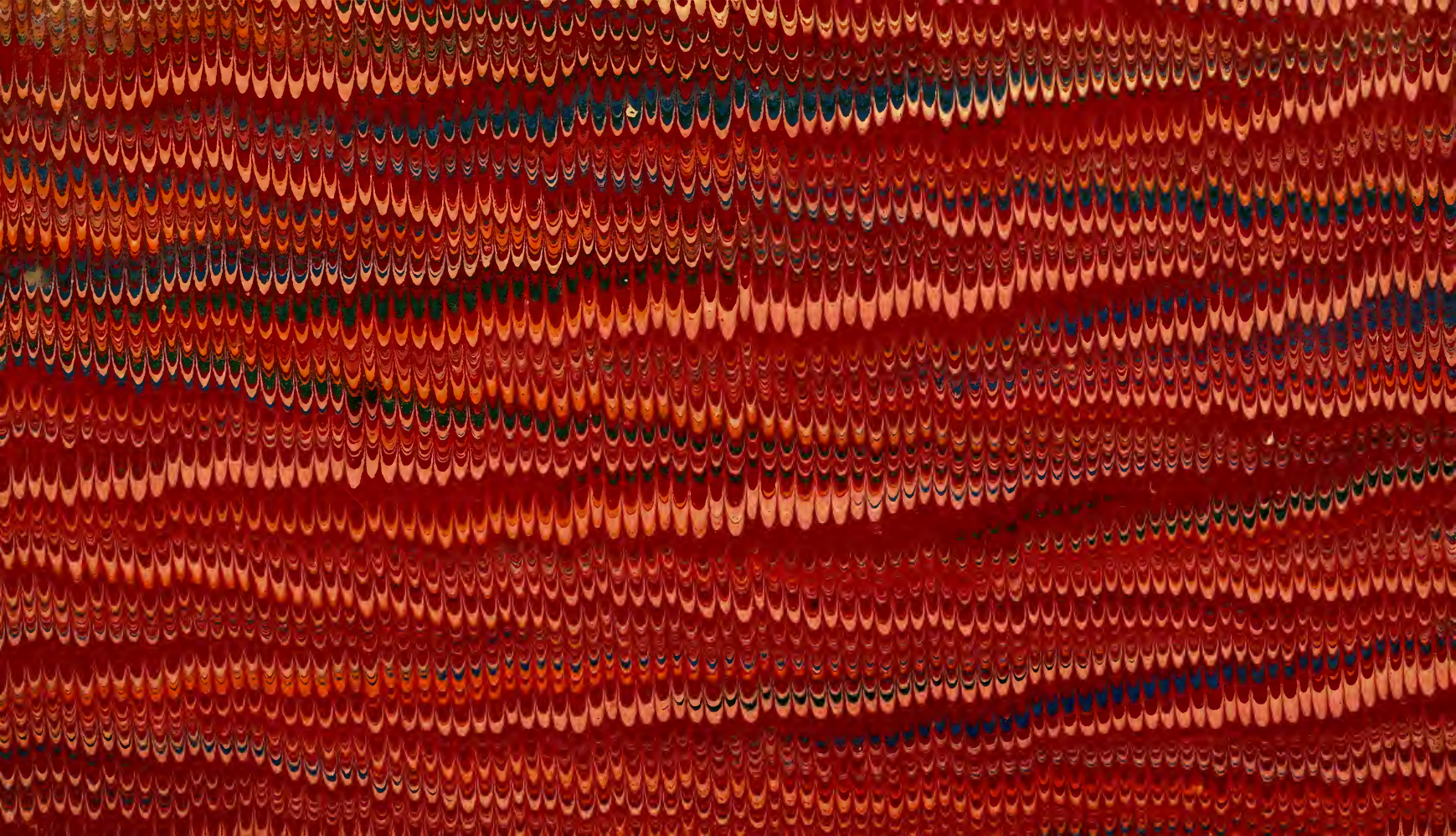

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